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GREAT FIRE IN PHILADELPHIA—DESTRUCTION OF CALDWELL'S JEWELRY ESTABLISHMENT ON CHESTNUT STREET.

Sketched by Earl Shinn.—[See Page 66.]

THE PHILADELPHIA FIRE.

We give on our first page an illustration of the great fire in Philadelphia on the morning of Jan. 14, by which CALDWELL'S magnificent jewelry establishment at 902 Chestnut Street was completely destroyed. The building was thoroughly gutted by the flames, and all the stock was lost. It is supposed that the fire originated in an attempt by burglars to blow up the safes, as loud explosions were heard a short time before the alarm was given.

The building is valued at about $100,000. The loss must be immense. The Messrs. CALDWELL were among the foremost in their line of business in the country, and their stock at this time was very heavy. The diamonds and other precious stones are secured at night in the safes of the establishment; but the watches, silverware, and the bulk of the jewelry remained exposed, and consequently a prey to the flames. Not only were these precious goods in the store, but there were also statuary, bronzes, rare paintings, and articles of *virtu* and *bijouterie* of endless variety and value.

After the lapse of three hours the floors fell in with a tremendous crash. The flames extended to the adjoining building and endangered the Continental Hotel. The entire loss is estimated at nearly $1,000,000.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
SATURDAY, JANUARY 30, 1869.

MONEY IN POLITICS.

WE hope that the House of Representatives will perceive that the summary repeal of the Tenure-of-Office law makes the passage of the Civil Service bill all the more necessary. But, whether passed or rejected, it is to be hoped that it will be thought worthy of some consideration. There were those, indeed, who thought that so grave a principle as that involved in the tenure bill deserved some reflection. But we believe it was General BUTLER who relieved the House of all trouble by cheerily announcing that every body's mind was made up, and that time would be saved by an immediate repeal. Is every body's mind made up, also, upon the needlessness of the Civil Service bill? In other words, is it to be conceded without further struggle that the civil service of this country is to be a system of mingled incompetency and corruption?

The kind of opposition to Mr. JENCKES'S bill which has thus far been developed is scarcely worthy serious attention. The assertion that it establishes an aristocracy is so ludicrous as to be almost unintelligible. To bring it at once to its logical result, we should like to know if the chore-women who sweep and wash the public department buildings are an aristocracy if they are not removed with every administration? Presumptively, they are hired because they are capable of doing the work, and are retained until their incapacity or dishonesty appears. Now Mr. JENCKES'S bill invites every body in the country who thinks he can discharge the routine duties of a clerkship to submit himself to a proper examination, and those who are found most competent, and who are unquestionably honest, are to be selected. Do they form an aristocracy if they are not turned out at the end of two or four years? Their tenure is good character and behavior. Is that aristocratic? If it be, it is nevertheless constitutional, for it is precisely the tenure of the Judges of the United States Courts. An aristocratic system in this country is a system which is not amenable to the people. But no such system is proposed. What the people want in the public service is fitness and integrity, and when those fail the JENCKES bill provides that the incumbents shall be removed. It is, in fact, a bill which the people ought to adopt for the very purpose of securing the qualities that are indispensable in the public service.

The present system, as we said, is one of mingled incompetency and corruption. Is that less to be feared in its influence upon free institutions than one which secures capacity and honesty? The appalling and immediate peril of the country is the fact that money is coming to be the sole political power. Legislatures are notoriously supposed to be for sale. The most insulting offers are made to members. Why are they made, and why is the supposition universal, except because of a general knowledge of corruption? The experience of every man familiar with politics informs him that every candidate for almost every office must pay his way. Every where and in every manner the fact appears. Even judges are openly charged with venality. The administration of what is called law in parts of the country is notoriously a system of corrupt intrigue. Nominations to the highest offices are allotted by managers to men of known wealth, so that if a proper and honest candidate be also rich it is charged by his opponents, as of course, that he is nominated because of his money. A Legislature is to elect a Senator, and it is announced on all sides, and nobody seems to feel sure enough to deny it, that the election will be decided by money only. It is not necessarily that the candidates themselves are supposed personally to buy votes, but it generally appears that somebody for some purpose controls sufficient money; and the idea that a candidate is elected merely because of his general fitness is rapidly disappearing from the public mind.

With office which is thus bought in secret, if not in open market, goes the patronage, or the civil service. It is distributed by the successful aspirant, as the reward of zeal, to his henchmen. A man once gravely urged as his credentials to a considerable office that he had done more dirty work for the party than any man in the district. Upon the present system he was entitled to his reward. It is an inverse scale. The deeper a man has plunged during the canvass the higher should be his office after the election. This is the secret of the doctrine of "claims" upon the party. Here is a man who fetched and carried by night and day for a month before the election. The patriotic spectator saw with pride this proof of lingering public virtue. The day after the election the diligent workman writes that he has decided to apply for the office of assessor of the revenue, upon which appointment he trusts his claims are sufficiently evident.

When the famous phrase of a Democratic politician, "To the victors belong the spoils," became the description of the recognized method of supplying the public service, it revealed a fatal demoralization of our politics. The public indifference has now enslaved us to that method, and it will not be without a struggle that its chains will be broken. But unless the power of money in our politics can be checked and lessened the end is sure. To check that power the Civil Service bill opens the way. By its passage Congress has the power of diminishing the vast corruption which is engulfing the Government. Let the people resolve to take their service into their own hands, and not leave it under the name of patronage, which is the synonym of corruption, in the hands of utterly venal men.

THE ELECTION FRAUDS.

No committee could be engaged in a more important investigation than that which is looking into the frauds at the election in New York. Governor HOFFMAN, on the eve of the election at which he was one of the chief candidates, denounced the charges of fraud as gross and unfounded. Yet, at that very time, the fact of the issue of false naturalization papers was perfectly ascertained. But the Governor, belonging to a party and intimately associating with party chiefs to whom frauds and irregularities at elections were unknown, could not bring himself to believe that any men could be base enough to cheat at the polls, although, apparently without difficulty, he concluded that some men were base enough to charge such an intention.

It is the misfortune of Governor HOFFMAN, as a practical politician, that his party training in that renowned school of political morality, Tammany Hall, has given him too rosy a view of human nature. He believes every body to be as honest as the politicians who surround him—if they are inclined to vote the Democratic ticket. Most men, with as much experience of New York political life as the Governor has had, might have entertained the opinion that, under the circumstances, fraud was possible. But cheating at an election in which Judge M'CUNN naturalized forty thousand persons in twenty-one days, and turned out citizens at the rate of two per minute, and at which Mr. WILLIAM M. TWEED and Mr. PETER B. SWEENY were the chief managers, was not to be thought of. And if any body had suggested to Mayor HOFFMAN that two hundred persons would sleep the night before the election in Jackson Hall, a resort owned by Sheriff O'BRIEN, and descend thence to the polls to vote the next day, the virtuous magistrate would doubtless have repelled the charge as a wicked device of the adversary; and if the two hundred did descend and vote to change the Mayor into a Governor, the organ of his party would have sneered at any investigation, and have immediately printed in large type an account of adulteration in coffee, and the number of deaths in Massachusetts alms-houses; adulteration of the franchise and the death of the elective system, it would seem, being of no importance in the judgment of a party newspaper.

Of course Governor HOFFMAN will denounce as a gross and unfounded charge of his adversaries the statement that his trusty coadjutor, Mr. Sheriff O'BRIEN, the host of Jackson Hall, packed the hall of the United States Court-House, where the Committee was sitting, with shoulder-hitters and disciples of the Governor's political friend, the Honorable JOHN MORRISSEY, to prevent a passage through the hall—a crowd of gentlemen who were removed by the police at the request of the United States Marshal. He will also treat with lofty contempt the assertion that tens of thousands of votes were cast by repeaters. His Excellency with his most virtuous air will demand if ever such a thing as repeating was heard of in the city of New York; and, if it has been, whether it has not always been upon the part of those rascally Republicans, who, not content with vague surmises about a BARNARD, have even carped at a M'CUNN. Is it not enough to annihilate all suspicion of fraud upon the part of the Democratic party in the city that after voting under the auspices of M'CUNN, O'BRIEN, TWEED, and SWEENY for SEYMOUR and HOFFMAN, it presently nominated and elected Mr. OAKEY HALL for Mayor? If purity in politics does not enter the City Hall with Mayor HALL, what does enter it?

We are glad that Congress did not yield to the overwhelming assumption in favor of the perfect honesty of the election in the city of New York which arises from the fact that Mayor HOFFMAN denounced the charges of corruption as unfounded. For somebody undoubtedly cheats the people of the State of New York at the polls in the city; and since Governor HOFFMAN repels with scorn the imputation that his party friends know any thing about it, he will rejoice with us that the offenders are in the way of exposure; and his Excellency ought to be congratulated that the same document which proves the offense will also show the truth of his denial.

SPAIN AND CUBA.

THE revolutionary movement in Cuba has as yet obtained no decided success. The arrival of the new Governor-General had been anticipated with hope, and the delay has, doubtless, somewhat retarded military operations. But his speech, although full of those promises which usually prove to be as frail as fair, will hardly seriously affect the situation. Cuba has long been subject to the caprice of Spain, and the revolution has been for a long time in preparation. The date of its projected outbreak was simultaneous with that of the revolution in Spain, and consequently it failed of unanimity. The western part of the island waited to watch the course of events, and to see if the work for the colony would not be done in the mother country; but the remoter, rural parts began the insurrection.

There is one argument which the Cubans who desire independence may very logically urge. If the people of Spain may change their government why not the people of Cuba? The principle of the Spanish revolution is, really, that the people of a country shall have such a government as they choose. Now Cuba is not Spain, nor a part of Spain. It is a distant colony; and the people of Spain can hardly assume to decide for the Cubans, without consultation, what their government shall be. If the Spaniards claim that the colony necessarily goes with the mother country, it can only be upon the principle which has already alienated Cuba, and which is nullified by the principle of the Spanish revolution itself. If Spain decides for a republic we presume Cuba will be invited to form a part of it and to send representatives; or, in case of the desire of Cuba to be independent, Spain, if her counsels are enlightened by experience, will assent. If, however, a monarchy be established, it will probably attempt to retain the island even at the cost of war.

The latest accounts from Spain are not very promising for the republic, although there is no doubt of the existence of a very strong republican party. The difficulties which are felt by the leaders, as recently stated by a correspondent of the *Tribune*, are, first, the want of education, and, second, the hostility of the European Powers. The first objection is very like that of reluctance to jump into the water before knowing how to swim. It is pretty well proved, however desirable an instructed constituency may be, that the school follows the ballot, and seldom precedes it. ROBERT LOWE is a quasi Liberal in England. Few men were more familiar with the condition of education in that country, and few struggled so hard to avert an extension of the suffrage. But the moment the extension was carried he saw the consequences, and he sprang up demanding universal education. Yet Mr. LOWE would have sat long without making that demand could the old system have been retained. To establish a monarchy in Spain, with its elaborate system, and with the distinct understanding that it was diligently to foster an education which would dispense with a monarchy, is the most visionary of wild schemes. To overthrow one monarchy and replace it with another, as a peaceful step toward a republic, is absurd. If PRIM and his friends be, as the letter alleges, really republicans, then, if they are strong enough to destroy the monarchy, they are certainly strong enough to try, at least, the formation of a republic.

The other objection, that a republic in Spain would excite the jealousy of LOUIS NAPOLEON and the other rulers in Europe, and that all kinds of conspiracies would be encouraged, is a general objection to the revolution. What LOUIS NAPOLEON dislikes is not primarily a republic, but the spectacle of a peaceful popular overthrow of a monarchy; and whether the successful power establish a republic or erect a new throne, it is equally menacing to him, and equally suspected by him. It can make very little difference to him whether ESPARTERO be crowned King by consent of the people, or PRIM be elected President by them. In both cases France is excited and agitated by seeing how easily a monarchical system can be overthrown.

If the Spanish republican leaders have no stronger arguments against a republic than these, they are either not republicans at all, or they are very incompetent republicans.

THE PARDONING POWER.

THE Attorney-General has directed a discontinuance of the prosecution against JEFFERSON DAVIS, and so a ridiculous farce ends. He does it upon the ground that the President has granted a full pardon to every rebel. It would be interesting to know what is understood by that term. Is the pardoning power a dispensing power? When the President declares that he restores JEFFERSON DAVIS to all his privileges and immunities, does he quietly set aside the Constitution of the United States, which, by its fourteenth amendment, says that JEFFERSON DAVIS shall not be restored until Congress, by a vote of two-thirds, so decides, or does he merely dispense with the law that provides trials for treason? If the President, by a proclamation of pardon, may at once relieve of all liability every offender under a certain law of the United States, he may certainly relieve all offenders under all the laws. He may to-morrow grant "a full pardon" to all the counterfeiters and all the violators of the Revenue laws—a power which the Constitution surely never meant to give him.

The words of the Constitution are: "He shall have power to grant reprieves and pardons for offenses against the United States, except in cases of impeachment." But it may fairly be asserted that no man can be pardoned who has not been proved to have committed an offense. And why is he tried but to determine that very fact? The pardoning power is plainly intended to relieve of the consequences of crime those upon whom crime has been proved, but in whose cases there are considerations that demand clemency. Necessarily these are individual cases, and the provision contemplates no other. It is absurd to suppose that the Constitution intends to authorize the President to declare that nobody shall be punished for any offense against the United States. Yet this is what is asserted when it is claimed that he may relieve all persons who are presumptively guilty of a certain offense, not only of the penalty, but of a trial.

The offer of amnesty during hostilities as a means of settling the difficulty and restoring peace is entirely different. This is a case where the offer of amnesty was rejected, and where peace was obtained by absolute subjugation of the enemy. When that peace is fully secured there is no occasion for amnesty, and the word is wholly inapplicable. There remains, then, so far as the Executive is concerned, only offenders, when the offense is proved, and the pardoning power. If it be said that our situation required a peculiar treatment, and that the largest generosity is the wisest statesmanship, we heartily agree. But the question is still the very one which has excited the country so long, and upon which it has so authoritatively pronounced, whether the national policy toward the late rebels shall be determined by the President only or by Congress. The action of the President in issuing the proclamation under which the Attorney-General directs the release of DAVIS is merely a reiteration of his power to settle the whole question arising from the war at his individual pleasure. Under the clause conferring the pardoning power intended for specific and exceptional individual cases, he assumes to determine the greatest and most vital political questions arising from the war, which the people have decided that Congress alone shall determine.

HOW TO KEEP IN POWER.

As the time approaches when the Spring political campaign will begin it is useful to remember that a party in power is always at a certain disadvantage, and that it can not retain power merely by force of organization nor by standing still. A victorious army is always surrounded by a cloud of bummers; and a successful party attracts all the vultures and unclean birds of politics. Long power, also, usually enables a party to secure its special and original purposes, and lulls it into forgetfulness of the fact that it can not repose upon past laurels. Party organization does much, but it is not strong enough to insure constant triumph. No party organization was ever more unscrupulous and despotic than that of the Democratic party. But that would not have given it so long a dominance but for the immense interest of slavery behind it, the protection of which was the sole purpose of that party for a generation. At last the common-sense and conscience of the country prevailed over party ties and broke through the vast web of ignorance, cowardice, and demoralization in which the Democratic party had entangled the people; and now for eight years the Republican party has controlled the Government, and is intrusted with it for four years more.

Its very success brings its dangers. In the first place the party arose to destroy the aristocratic influence in the government that called itself Democracy, and which was an alliance in which the courage and will of a Southern oli-

garchy used for its purpose the mingled ignorance and commercial timidity of the North. This result has been largely achieved. In the second place the steady hold of the party upon the country, and the immense opportunities which circumstances have offered to dishonesty and speculation, have made it responsible for a great deal of corruption. Now a party out of power, whatever its real character, has the chance of limitless promises and professions. If the character of the Democratic party were not so hopelessly established—if the country did not so instantly and contemptuously reject the assumption of principle by a party which for a generation was the pimp of slavery, and if its promises of economy were not so ludicrously contradicted by its management of the city of New York, where the intrinsic character of what is called Democracy can be constantly studied, it might have given the Republican party a much more serious resistance than it has yet offered.

But the shrewder leaders of that party have now an advantage over the duller leaders which they will not fail to use. They tried hard to persuade the party to change its mask at the last election. They insisted that the victory of the Republicans upon the old issues should be recognized. But the Democratic party is not a party of intelligence or principle, and it had therefore neither perception nor courage. It beat the same old tom-tom, and was again defeated. But defeat again and again repeated is something which even dullness at last comprehends, and those who prophesied it last summer will now be heard more patiently. They will advise a renunciation of old issues; an avoidance of candidates tainted by defeat; a vigorous exaggeration of all the difficulties of the situation, of the weight and extent of taxation, of the frauds of the rings, of the increasing corruption; a skillful casting of the whole responsibility upon the party in power, and the most unctuous promises of a better time under Democratic economy.

A campaign sagaciously conducted upon such a plan will require something more upon the part of the party in power than reference to its old victories, or reliance upon the past crimes of the Democracy. It can withstand the onset in one way only, and that is by giving the country practical proof that it is bent upon honesty and economy. The appeal to the notorious precedents of the Democratic party will be met by assertions from the best Republicans of the practices which have grown up in their own party; of the jobs which are urgently pressed by their own party friends; of the characters of those who are often selected as the party representatives; of the reckless methods which are often adopted to secure party ends. And this kind of objection would be made with dangerous force, for the Republicans who would make it are the truest and best men of the party.

The evident policy of the Republican party for the spring campaign in New Hampshire, and Connecticut, and Rhode Island, not for local success merely, but for the benefit of the whole party every where, is, therefore, the simplest and strongest declaration in favor of public honesty, political and financial; and the plainest proof of the sincerity of such declarations in the nomination of candidates untouched by the least suspicion of direct or indirect corruption. In one word, the difficulty which our friends must bear in mind is a growing fear among honest men that the Republican party is getting to be as bad as the Democratic. We must show them that they are mistaken, and there is but one way in which we can do it. The indifference of such men is our danger. They naturally belong to us; but only because of the greater intelligence and high purpose of the party. Let us prove that the party deserves success, and we need have no fear that it will not achieve it.

INFLUENCES WHICH AFFECT THE TRADE OF 1869.

THE year which has just closed has not been remarkable in any portion of the world for any of those great events which disturb the regular course of industry and intercourse; nor are there any clear indications that during the present year war will ensue between any of the leading Powers.

Russia is borrowing money to build her railroads, and make more certain her ultimate extension toward the Mediterranean. Prussia, having accomplished the great work of German unity, needs only time to shape it into durability. The great BISMARCK, to whom this work is due, stands as a firm check upon the selfish objects of NAPOLEON. Austria, having yielded to the wishes of Hungary, has turned her attention toward internal development. Turkey is yet encamped on the Bosphorus, but as sure as the sea,

"Whose icy current and compulsive course
Ne'er feels retiring ebb,"

is the movement of Russia toward her object.

Some future Czar will have his winter residence at Constantinople, but at present there is no sufficient motive for allowing the slight disturbance in the south of Europe to disturb the general peace. Spain will probably be allowed to adjust her internal difficulties alone, if done without civil war; and England and the United States have given heavy *bonds* to keep the peace. It is difficult to say what may be the effect elsewhere of the revolutionary movement in Spain. France, with strong democratical tendencies, arising mainly from the early destruction of the system of primogeniture and the adoption of the policy of an equal division of lands among heirs, furnishes no support for a regular dynasty, and disturbance may happen there whenever opportunity exists or a want of prosperity prevails. Departing from the example of wise rulers NAPOLEON has permitted the issue of paper-money by the Bank of France of as low a denomination as fifty francs, and secured a temporary advantage at the expense of lasting injury to the empire and to his fame. The expense of maintaining vast bodies of troops, nearly equal to the forces that would be used in case of war, is a heavy burden on Europe, and although it shows a want of confidence it is not probable that war will soon ensue.

The events of the year 1868 which exercise the largest influence upon general affairs are the war in South America, the destruction of cities by earthquakes, and the drought in Europe. The latter, which was most severe in Great Britain, came upon western Europe during the reactionary period which followed the close of our war, and will have very injurious effects. The drought which commenced in April and continued—broken by a storm in August—for nearly six months followed a year of bad harvests. Owing to them, as we have heretofore shown, France was compelled in the first six months of 1868 to import wheat in excess of the previous year to the extent of fifty millions of dollars in value, and Mr. CAIRD admits that the cost of the excess in England's importation of wheat over that of 1863 was £27,400,000 sterling. It will be remembered that our granaries were all emptied at high prices, and that we entered upon the harvest of 1868 without any considerable store on hand. Such was also the condition of Great Britain and France. Our recent harvest may be looked upon therefore as one of the greatest blessings ever showered upon our country.

The reactionary period in England, to which we have referred, is matter of profound interest. By reason of our war great activity was communicated to the industry and commerce of many other nations. England, as the chief manufacturing power, profited largely by our misfortunes. She became also the chief carrier upon the ocean, a policy to which she gave immense aid by the recognition of the Southern Confederacy as a distinct belligerent people, and by allowing the *Alabama* to escape from her waters. Her intercourse with the South was as intimate as our blockade would allow. Our financial policy, to which we were compelled to resort, drove away the precious metals from us, and the Confederacy from the same necessity expelled it from the South.

There was an unusual accumulation of specie in the markets of Europe. It was as if new mines of exceeding richness had been opened and distributed, not as were those of California and Australia over the whole world, but over the limited area of those commercial nations which had immediate intercourse with this country. Much of it was sent by them to the non-banking countries and there absorbed. As Great Britain was the closest in intimacy with us, she derived most advantage from this expulsion of the precious metals from this country. Scenes of speculation which rivaled the South Sea bubble were then enacted. Companies, "limited," were formed for every purpose which the fancy of a HUDSON could suggest, the wrecks of which were stranded over England by the financial storm of 1866.

The cultivation and manufacture of cotton constituted one of the principal objects for which English capital was used. Cotton was to be produced so extensively in all warm countries that the South was no longer to be king. One of the important conditions of success in its culture was, however, overlooked. The region which produces it successfully must not only have the benefit of the long-continued heats which bring the plant to perfection, but also of the frost, which, in destroying its roots, destroys also the weeds and grass, which would otherwise need to be eradicated by constant labor at the season when the processes of picking, cleaning, selecting, baling, and marketing are going forward. The plant, which is perpetual, degenerates in those climates which are not blessed with sufficient heat and cold to accomplish both maturity and destruction.

The price which cotton reached on the partial withdrawal of American cotton from the markets of the world for a time covered these errors, but after peace ensued, and the accumulated crops on Southern plantations found a vent, the impolicy of such efforts became apparent, and the cultivation of cotton in new fields was partially discontinued. The experiment had prevented the raising of grain in many localities sufficient for support. More is now produced there than in *ante-bellum* times.

England, which was to enjoy pre-eminence in the command of cotton, established numerous factories throughout her limits, and enlarged the capacity of establishments already existing to such a degree as to produce a larger quantity of cotton goods than after the cessation of the war was required. Many of these establishments have already been closed, and the agreement has been quite extensively proposed among manufacturers in Lancashire to work only thirty hours a week up to the end of February.

The English Board of Trade returns for the first eleven months of 1868 show, as compared with those of 1867, a decrease in the value of imports of nearly all descriptions of *raw material*, amounting, in cotton, hides, and wool, to £5,266,670, and a corresponding decrease in the value of such manufactures as she exports. On the contrary, there is an increase in the value of food imported for her consumption. The whole deficiency in exports in 1868, as compared with 1867, amounts to £3,106,724. The whole increase of imports in 1868 is £5,663,659—making a worse account for 1868 than for 1867 of £8,770,383.

As compared with 1867 the reserve in the Bank of England at the end of 1868 was diminished £2,888,445, its coin and bullion were diminished £3,615,870, and its private deposits or capital "over" were diminished £2,166,010.

These returns show that the year 1868 was unprofitable, and explain in part why "short time" has been resorted to by manufacturers. The drought of 1868 will doubtless extend the present dullness for a longer period, as it condemns the population of England to economy in the use of manufactures produced for home consumption, and to the necessity of importing food largely until at least the occurrence of the harvest of 1869. France and other European countries will have many features of a corresponding character.

The inactivity of trade in England since the spring of 1866, and in portions of the Continent, has had its effect upon this country. More money has been invested in our securities and loaned here in what are called "options" than would have been otherwise possible. These options, which are loans of sterling or other bills on the security of pledges of United States bonds, amount to between fifty and a hundred million of dollars, and would be withdrawn were there an active demand for money in London. Gold has been depressed in our markets as a consequence of the ease in European money markets, to the immediate advantage of Mr. M'CULLOCH, who may be able to live through his term without experiencing any countermovement.

We have entered with some minuteness into these facts, as they have a direct and powerful influence upon this country. A great power over our financial condition may be exerted by capitalists abroad whenever it may be for their interest to do so.

The situation here is complicated, but in some respects favorable. Our crop of cotton is larger probably than it was in 1867, and, owing to a necessary change in resorting to the cultivation of grain instead of cotton by many of those foreign producers who supposed that our supremacy in the culture of cotton was gone, we have some advantage now in adjusting the price. But it is questionable whether a high price can be maintained, in view of the condition of England and other European countries. England, France, and Spain have no alternative but to obtain their supplies of food from this country to a larger extent than in 1868, and it will be scarcely possible for England and France to pay high prices for both cotton and food when the demand for their manufactured articles is seriously lessened.

English agents are now here to buy grain, but they are firm in their limits, although it is well known that the stock of food in England is much lighter than it was at this period in 1867. The English are living from "hand to mouth" in the hope that our markets will further give way; but as we were cleaned out of grain last year at good prices, our farmers are strong and have a disposition to hoard their grain to provide against the possibility of a short supply at the coming harvest; so at least as not to be compelled to consume the new crop immediately after being harvested, as was the case in 1867.

Even if prices should give way now, so far as breadstuffs are concerned, the wants of England, France, and Spain must be so considerable up to the harvest of 1869, and our competitors in Western and Northern Europe are so much crippled, owing to the drought, that prices would again advance here to what will prove fully remunerative.

England has had the skill to bear down the price of wheat since early summer about 24*s.* per quarter of eight bushels, in the face of the worst harvest, taken as a whole, that she has experienced in this century.

We have the elements of a sound trade in the United States, subject only to such contingencies as may result from handling our finances. It is clearly the policy of every individual to place his affairs on the soundest basis by the use of all possible economy, prudence, and care. Our great crops are favorable to this object, and if it be generally pursued an adverse decision on the Legal Tender act, or unwise action by Congress, would leave all such untouched through the crisis that might thus be occasioned. With wisdom and prudence 1869 will be known as a successful year in all departments of business.

MR. PAUL DU CHAILLU, author of those charming and popular books for young people—"The Gorilla Country," and "Life under the Equator," has been engaged to deliver a course of three lectures to the boys and girls of Boston on February 3d, 6th, and 10th. Mr. DU CHAILLU is as fascinating when he speaks as when he writes. His lectures will relate to the animals, vegetation, villages, and people of the interior of Africa. What a treat for the young folks!

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

January 11:

In the House, at the expiration of the morning hour, Mr. Washburne, of Indiana, introduced a bill for the repeal of the Tenure-of-Office act, and moved the previous question. The bill was passed without debate 121 to 47.—The Consular and Diplomatic Appropriation bill was passed.

January 12:

In the Senate, Mr. Frelinghuysen presented a memorial from certain capitalists setting forth that the Pacific Railroad subsidies will amount to $750,000,000, and offering to construct the road for $15,000 per mile in addition to land grants, thus saving $75,000,000 to the Treasury.—The bill fixing the time for finding indictments in the lately rebel States was taken up and passed.

January 13:

In the House, Mr. J. F. Elliott, of Arkansas, was sworn in to take the place of Mr. Hinds, deceased.—The consideration of the joint resolution extending protection over Hayti and St. Domingo was then resumed. Mr. Butler offered a substitute including all the Antilles. Mr. Robinson proposed to include Ireland, and Mr. Spalding to include the islands in the Pacific. The debate was long and consumed most of the day; but the proposition was finally rejected by a vote of 126 to 35.

OUR WESTERN CITIES.

We publish in our paper this week two illustrations which invite the attention of our readers to the growing importance of our Western cities. The Chicago River Tunnel is the only work of the kind on the continent, and the new hospital at Cincinnati is the finest building of the kind in this country.

The population of Chicago in 1860 numbered 109,000; in the four years following it was increased by 60,000. This city has already outrun Boston in the matter of population. During the past season over 8000 new structures were in process of building, valued at $25,000,000. Last year the great army of nearly 800,000 hogs were butchered by the pork-packers and sent to market, besides 24,000 cattle slain by the beef-packers. The aggregate supply of game to Chicago since the beginning of the present season has been: Quail, 30,000; prairie chickens, 25,000; wild ducks, 3000. The list of vessels tied up for the winter includes 504, with a tonnage of 114,196 tons.

The amount of capital employed in the manufacturing and industrial interests of Milwaukee foots up $19,174,377. The following are the principal items: Beef and pork packing, $4,108,877; beer, $2,000,000; leather, $1,500,000; clothing, $1,500,000; flour, $1,300,000; lumber, $1,500,000; distilleries, $1,000,000; iron, $750,000; boots and shoes, $600,000; railroad iron, $500,000; furniture, $500,000; cooperage, $500,000; tobacco, $500,000.

NEWS ITEMS.

Ex-Governor Fenton, having been nominated by the Republican caucus at Albany on the 16th, will be the next Senator from New York in place of Edwin D. Morgan.

The New York Board of Health, in its third annual report, submitted to the Legislature, gives the number of deaths during 1868 in New York city as 25,459, and in Brooklyn 9015. From one-fourth to one-half of the whole mortality is to be found among children *under one year of age;* in some portions of the city eighty per cent. of the mortality occurs in the infant population. This is a startling fact, and one which most eloquently appeals to philanthropists. The second week in July was that in which the mortality was greatest: the whole number of deaths being 1142, of which 519 were of children less than a year old.

The steamer *Gulf City*, from Galveston to New York, went ashore off Point Lookout on the night of January 11, and was dashed to pieces. Three of the crew were picked up, and the remainder, 22 in number, are supposed to be lost.

Mr. Boesé has been re-elected Clerk of the Board of Education in New York city.

FOREIGN NEWS.

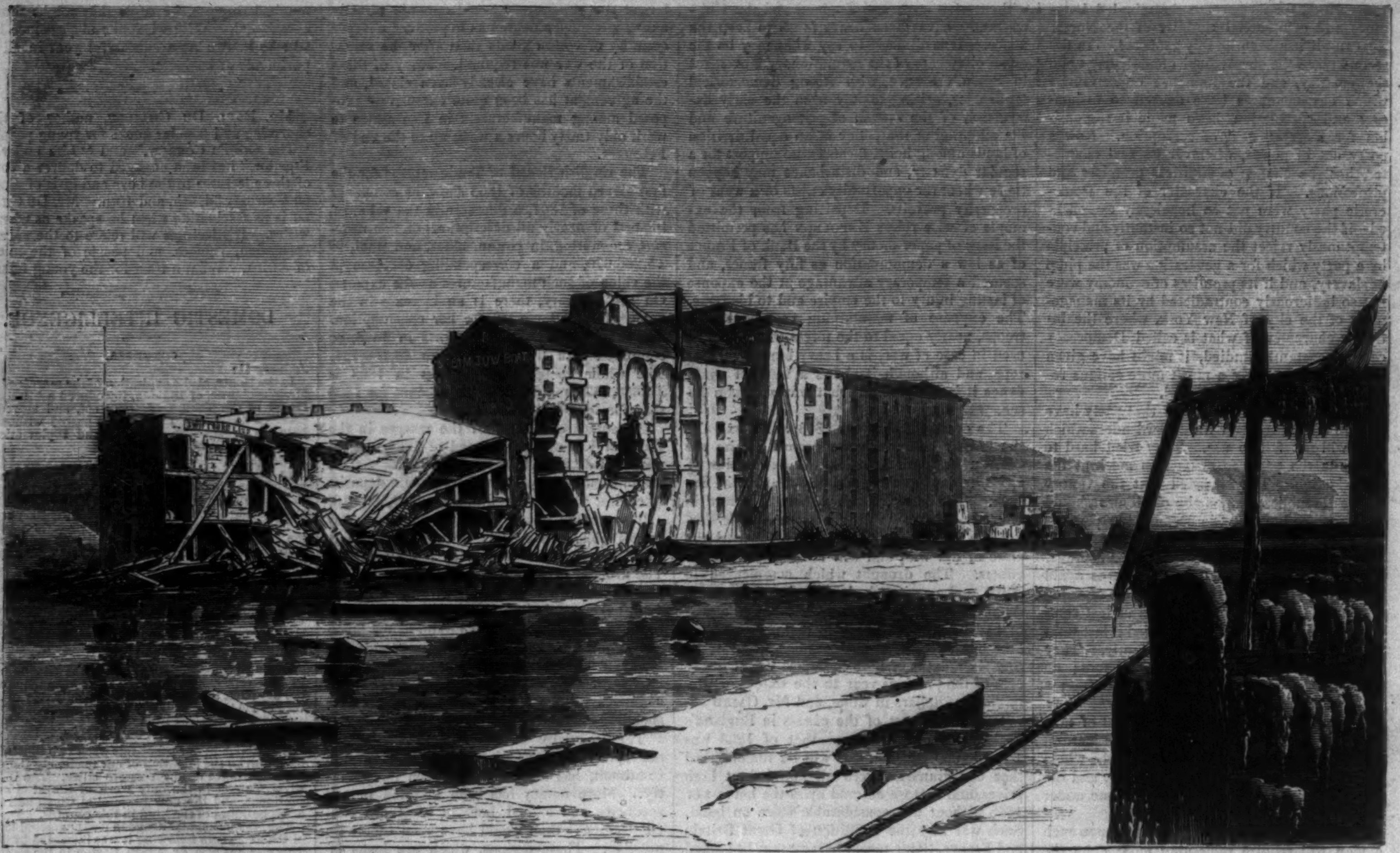
THE elections are proceeding quietly in Spain, and the government candidates seem to meet with success.

Minister Johnson has sent on a batch of treaties which have been approved by the Executive at Washington, and are to be submitted to the Senate. The naturalization treaty, signed by our Minister and Earl Clarendon, is similar to that recently established between this country and Prussia. The treaty in relation to the San Juan boundary concedes all the claims made by the United States. A Convention has been agreed upon between our Minister and Earl Clarendon for the settlement of claims which have arisen between England and the United States since the Convention of 1853. The protocol originally framed has been modified in accordance with suggestions offered by the Executive of the United States.

The latest advices from Paraguay are important. We learn that the army led by Lopez has been utterly routed at Villeta by a determined attack of the allies on his stronghold. Three thousand prisoners were captured, and Lopez is reported to have escaped with about two hundred followers.

The civil war which has been raging in Japan since the beginning of the year 1868 is at an end. Prince Aidsen, the most powerful among the Northern Daimios, who, after the resignation of the Tycoon, continued the war against the Mikado on his own account, concluded a capitulation with the Mikado on the 6th of November. The late Tycoon, Stotsbashi, being deprived of all pre-eminence before other Daimios, has retired to his own private possessions, and all the people of Yeddo who wished to follow him were to be sent by the new Government to his new province. The authority of the young Mikado, who has recently become of age, is now recognized throughout the country. Henceforth, the Mikado will be the actual as well as the nominal ruler. Yeddo, which heretofore has been the residence of the Tycoon, will now be the residence of the Mikado and the capital of the Empire.

The Conference on the Eastern question seems to have closed under favorable auspices. The Turkish Minister has agreed to the main points of the proposed settlement. The Conference recommends Greece to accept so much of the Turkish ultimatum as relates to Cretan affairs, and to refer the case of the officer at Syra to the decision of the courts; and promises that Turkey will withdraw the last point of her ultimatum touching the observance of international law. The Conference maintains the policy of strict non-intervention.

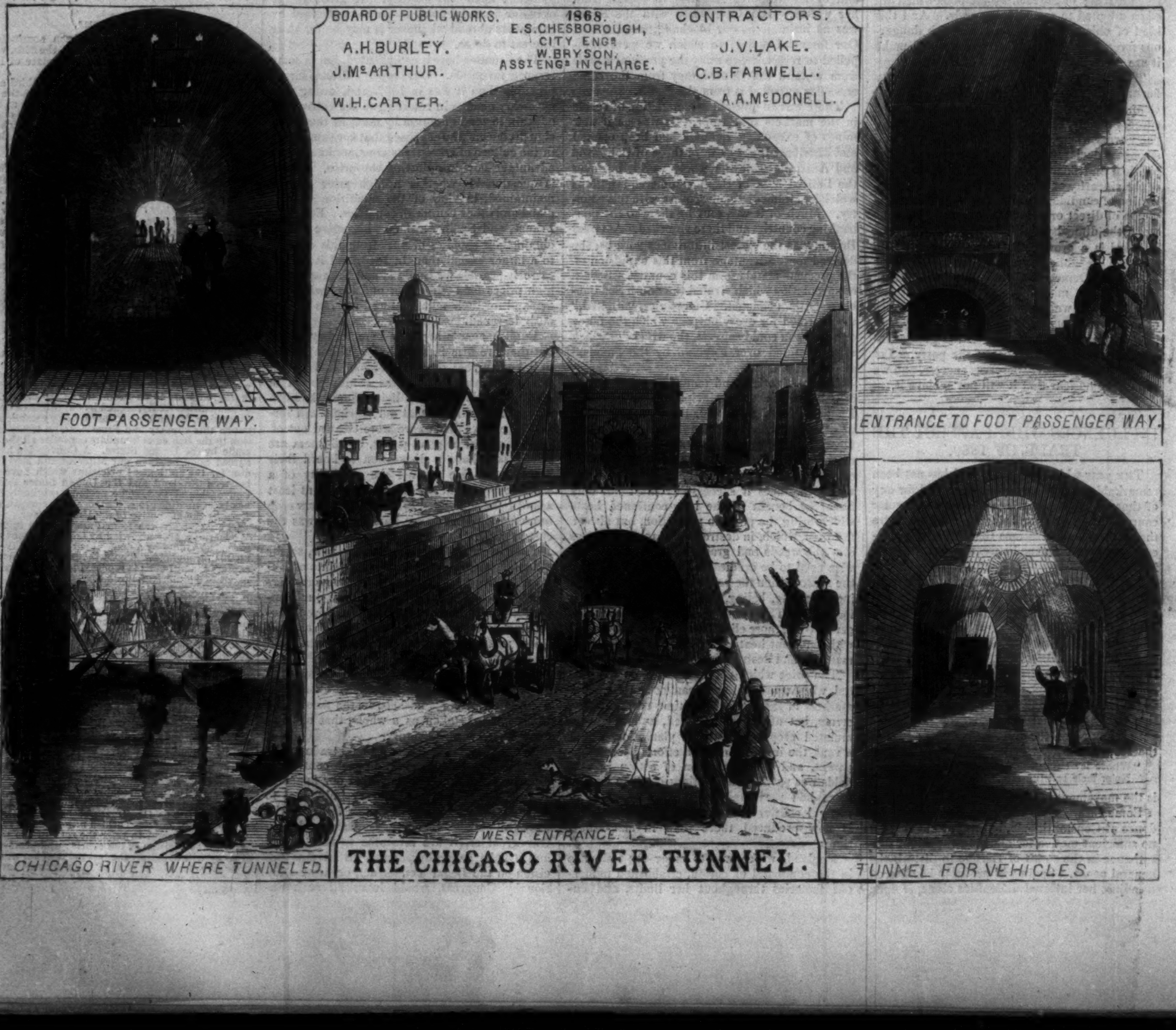


THE HUDSON RIVER FRESHET—BREAKING UP OF THE ICE AT ALBANY.—[SKETCHED BY F. H. CLARK.]

THE HUDSON RIVER FRESHET.

OUR "January thaw" this year was almost unprecedented; it seemed as if spring was "forcing the season." On Sunday, the 10th, the ice gave way in the Mohawk and the Upper Hudson, dammed up at the Nail Factory below Troy, and then again breaking up, the mass was moved farther south. This movement was soon followed by a similar phenomenon in front of Albany, above the Hudson River Bridge, the strong current of water passing through the upper cut, and forcing the ice out of the basin to a point near the foot of Maiden Lane. The merchants of Albany doing business on the pier in this vicinity (*i.e.*, from the Columbia Street Bridge to the Maiden Lane cut) are exceedingly indignant at the recent enlargement of the upper cut, which gives free access to the current, and also at the Hudson River Bridge, which, by damming up the ice, increases the destructive effect of a sudden freshet. The row of buildings on this pier is from four to six stories in height, and is supposed to contain 200,000 bushels of grain. One of the largest of these buildings was undermined, and the rear walls fell in; the wall of the adjoining building was also broken down by the force of the current. The destruction of the entire pier was threatened.

All along the Hudson the ice showed indications of a general break up. At Rhinebeck the ferry-boat was running regularly, an unusual thing at this season of the year. From Rhinebeck to Poughkeepsie large cracks were visible in the ice, extending from shore to shore. The Ice Yacht Club at Poughkeepsie, fearing a movement of the ice, contemplated the removal of their boats to the shore. At Newburgh the ferry-boat resumed operation. Below that place to West Point the ice remained firm.



THE CHICAGO RIVER TUNNEL.

VIEW OF THE NEW HOSPITAL AT CINCINNATI, OHIO.

THE CINCINNATI HOSPITAL.

CINCINNATI now claims that it has the most extensive and elegant hospital known to any city in the United States. This edifice is now completed, and has recently been formally dedicated to the public use.

The building is 448 feet in length, and the structure presents a very imposing appearance. When fully furnished it will accommodate six hundred patients. It contains 18 wards, all alike in finish and furniture. These wards will each accommodate from thirty to forty patients, according to the demand made upon the institution. Besides the four rooms for private patients in the administrative building, there are twelve others, six each in the two centre pavilions. Each ward is provided with two fire-plugs and hose sufficient for an emergency.

The entire building is heated by steam. An electric telegraph wire connects all the wards and offices—an invaluable arrangement in case of fire, or when immediate assistance may be necessary in a particular quarter. The telegraph is worked on the automatic principle, and is so simple that it may be used by persons of ordinary intelligence.

THAT BOY OF NORCOTT'S.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE SAIL ACROSS THE BAY.

THE 31st of August dawned at last, and with the promise of a lovely autumnal day. It was the one holiday of the year at Herr Oppovich's; for Sunday was only externally observed in deference to the feelings of the Christian world, and clerks sat at their desks inside, and within the barred shutters the whole work of life went on as though a week-day. As for us in the yard, it was our day of most rigorous discipline; for Ignaz himself was wont to come down on a tour of inspection, and his quick glances were sure to detect at once the slightest irregularity or neglect. He seldom noticed me on these occasions. A word addressed to Hanserl as to how the "younker" was doing, would be all the recognition vouchsafed me, or, at most, a short nod of the head would convey that he had seen me. Hanserl's reports were, however, always favorable; and I had so far good reason to believe that my master was content with me.

From Hans, who had talked of nothing but this fête for three or four weeks, I had learned that a beautiful villa which Herr Ignaz owned on the west side of the bay was always opened. It was considered much too grand a place to live in, being of princely proportions and splendidly furnished; indeed, it had come into Herr Oppovich's possession on a mortgage, and the thought of using it as a residence never occurred to him. To have kept the grounds alone in order would have cost a moderate fortune; and as there was no natural supply of water on the spot, a steam pump was kept in constant use to direct streams in different directions. This, which its former owner freely paid for, was an outlay that Herr Oppovich regarded as most wasteful, and reduced at once to the very narrowest limits consistent with the life of the plants and shrubs around. The ornamental fountains were, of course, left unfed; jets-d'eaux ceased to play; and the various tanks in which water nymphs of white marble disported were dried up; ivy and the wild vine draping the statues, and holding the sculptured urns in leafy embrace.

Of the rare plants and flowers hundreds of course died; indeed, none but those of hardy nature could survive this stinted aliment. Green-houses and conservatories too fell into disrepair and neglect; but such was the marvelous wealth of vegetation that, fast as walls would crumble and architraves give way, foliage and blossom would spread over the ruin, and the rare plants within, mingling with the stronger vegetation without, would form a tangled mass of leafy beauty of surpassing loveliness; and thus the rarest orchids were seen stretching their delicate tendrils over forest trees, and the cactus and the mimosa mingled with common field-flowers. If I linger among these things it is because they contrasted so strikingly to me with the trim propriety and fastidious neatness of the Malibran Villa, where no leaf littered a walk, nor a single tarnished blossom was suffered to remain on its stalk. Yet was the Abazzia Villa a thousand times more beautiful. In the one, the uppermost thought was the endless care and skill of the gardeners, and the wealth that had provided them. The clink of gold seemed to rise from the crushed gravel as you walked; the fountains glittered with gold; the conservatories exhaled it. Here, however, it seemed as though Nature, rich in her own unbounded resources, was showing how little she needed of man or his appliances. It was the very exuberance of growth on every side; and all this backed by a bold mountain lofty as an Alp, and washed by a sea in front, and that sea the blue Adriatic.

I had often heard of the thrift and parsimony of Herr Oppovich's household. Even in the humble eating-house I frequented sneers at his economies were frequent. No trace of such a saving spirit displayed itself on this occasion. Not merely were guests largely and freely invited, but carriages were stationed at appointed spots to convey them to the villa, and a number of boats awaited at the mole for those who preferred to go by water. This latter mode of conveyance was adopted by the clerks and officials of the house, as savoring less of pretension; and so was it that just as the morning was ripening into warmth, I found myself one of a large company in a wide eight-oared boat, calmly skimming along toward Abazzia. By some accident I got separated from Hanserl; and when I waved my hand to him to join me he delayed to return my salutation; for, as he said afterward, I was "gar schön"—quite fine—and he did not recognize me.

It was true I had dressed myself in the velvet jacket and vest I had worn on the night of our own fête, and wore my velvet cap, without, however, the heron feather, any more than I put on any of my trinkets, or even my watch.

This studied simplicity on my part was not rewarded as I hoped for; since scarcely were we under way than my dress and "get up" became the subject of an animated debate among my companions, who discussed me with a freedom and a candor that showed they regarded me simply as a sort of lay figure for the display of so much drapery.

"That's how they dress in the yard!" cried one; "and we, who have three times the pay, can scarcely afford broadcloth. Will any one explain that to me?"

"There must be rare perquisites down there," chimed in another; "for they say that the old dwarf Hanserl has laid by two thousand gulden."

"They tell *me* five thousand," said another.

"Two or twenty-two would make no difference. No fellow on his pay could honestly do more than keep life in his body; not to speak of wearing velvet like the younker there."

A short digression now intervened, one of the party having suggested that in England velvet was the cheapest wear known, that all the laborers on canals and railroads wore it from economy, and that, in fact, it was the badge of a very humble condition. The assertion encountered some disbelief, and it was ultimately suggested to refer the matter to me for decision, this being the first evidence they had given of their recognition of me as a sentient being.

"What would *he* know?" broke in an elderly clerk; "he must have come away from England a mere child, seeing how he speaks German now."

"Or if he did know, is it likely he'd tell?" observed another.

"At all events let us ask him what it costs. I say, Knabe, come here and let us see your fine clothes; we are all proud of having so grand a colleague."

"You might show your pride, then, more suitably than by insulting him," said I, with perfect calm.

Had I discharged a loaded pistol in the midst of them the dismay and astonishment could not have been greater. That any one "aus dem Hof"—"out of the yard"—should presume to think he had feelings that could be outraged seemed a degree of arrogance beyond belief, and my word "insult" was repeated from mouth to mouth with amazement.

"Come here, Knabe," said the cashier, in a voice of blended gentleness and command—"come here, and let us talk to you."

I arose and made my way from the bow to the stern of the boat. Short as the distance was, it gave me time to bethink me that I must repress all anger or irritation if I desired to keep my secret; so that when I reached my place my mind was made up.

"Silk-velvet, as I live!" said one who passed his hand along my sleeve as I went.

"No one wishes to offend you, youngster," said the cashier to me, as he placed me beside him, "nor when we talk freely to each other, as is our wont, are any of us offended."

"But you forget, Sir," said I, "that I have no share in these freedoms, and that were I to attempt them you'd resent the liberty pretty soon."

"The Knabe is right," "He says what's true," "He speaks sensibly," was muttered all around.

"You have been well educated, I suspect?" said the cashier, in a gentle voice; and now the thought that by a word, a mere word, I might compromise myself beyond recall flashed across me, and I answered, "I have learned some things."

"One of which was caution," broke in another, and a roar of laughter welcomed his joke.

Many a severer sarcasm would not have cut so deeply into me. The imputation of a reserve based on cunning was too much for my temper, and in a moment I forgot all prudence, and hotly said, "If I am such an object of interest to you, gentlemen, that you must know even the details of my education, the only way I see to satisfy this curiosity of yours is to say that, if you will question me as to what I know and what I do not, I will do my best to answer you."

"That's a challenge," cried one; "he thinks we are too illiterate to examine him."

"We see that you speak German fluently," said the cashier; "do you know French?"

I nodded assent.

"And Italian and English?"

"Yes; English is my native language."

"What about Greek and Latin, boy?"

"Very little Greek; some half-dozen Latin authors."

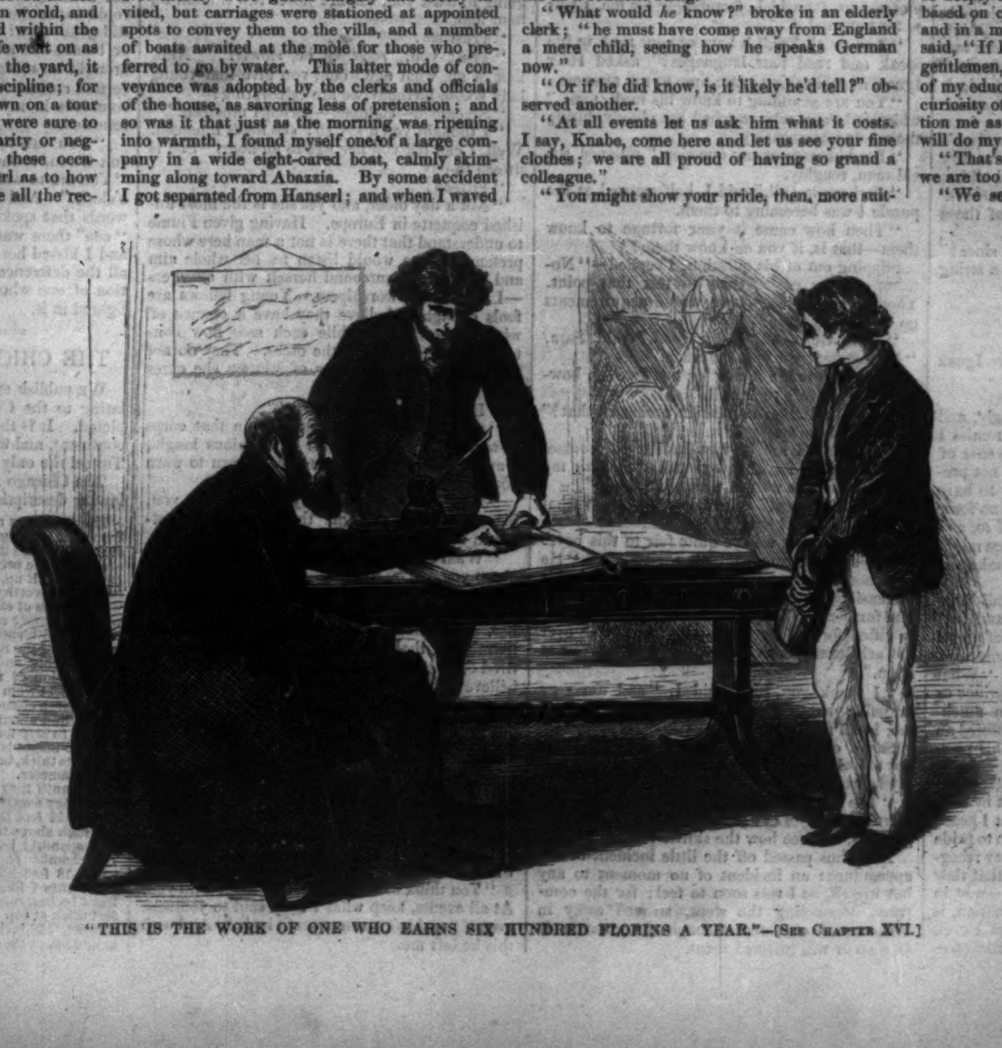
"Any Hebrew?" chimed in one, with a smile of half mockery.

"Not a syllable."

"That's a pity, for you could have chatted with Herr Ignaz in it."

"Or the Fräulein," muttered another. "She knows no Hebrew," "She does; she reads it well," "Nothing of the kind," were quickly spoken from many quarters; and a very hot discussion ensued, in which the Fräulein Sara's accomplishments and acquirements took the place of mine in public interest.

While the debate went on with no small warmth on either side—for it involved a personal question that stimulated each of the combatants, namely, the amount of intimacy they enjoyed in the family and household of their master—a point on which they seemed to feel the most acute sensibility—while this, therefore, continued, the cashier patted me good-humoredly on the arm, and asked me how I liked Fiume; if I had made any pleasant acquaintances; and how I usually passed my evenings? And while



"THIS IS THE WORK OF ONE WHO EARNS SIX HUNDRED FLORINS A YEAR."—[SEE CHAPTER XVI.]

thus chatting pleasantly we glided into the little bay of the villa, and landed.

As boat after boat came alongside the jetty numbers rushed down to meet and welcome their friends. All seemed half wild with delight; and the adventures they had had on the road, the loveliness of the villa, and the courtesy they had been met with, resounded on every side. All had friends, eager to talk or to listen—all but myself. I alone had no companionship; for in the crowd and confusion I could not find Hanserl, and to ask after him was but to risk the danger of an impertinence.

I sat myself down on a rustic bench at last, thinking that if I remained fixed in one spot I might have the best chance to discover him. And now I could mark the strange company, which of every age, and almost of every condition, appeared to be present. If the marked features of the Hebrew abounded, there were types of the race that I had never seen before—fair-haired and olive-eyed, with a certain softness of expression, united with great decision about the mouth and chin. The red Jew, too, was there—the fierce-eyed, dark-browed, hollow-cheeked fellow, of piercing acuteness in expression, and an almost reckless look of purpose about him. There was greed, craft, determination, at times even violence, to be read in the faces; but never weakness, never imbecility: and so striking was this that the Christian physiognomy seemed actually vulgar when contrasted with those faces so full of vigorous meaning and concentration.

Nothing could be less like my father's guests than these people. It was not in dress and demeanor and general carriage that they differed—in their gestures as they met, in their briefest greetings—but the whole character of their habits, as expressed by their faces, seemed so unlike, that I could not imagine any clew to their several ranks, and how this one was higher or greater than that. All the nationalities of Eastern Europe were there—Hungarian, Styrian, Dalmatian, Albanian. Traders all. This one band of traffic and gain blending into a sort of family races and creeds the most discordant, and types whose forefathers had been warring with each other for centuries. Plenty of coarseness there was, unculture and roughness every where; but, strangely enough, little vulgarity and no weakness, no deficient energy any where. They were the warriors of commerce; and they brought to the battle of trade resolution and boldness and persistence and daring not a whit inferior to what their ancestors had carried into personal conflict.

CHAPTER XIX.

AT THE FÊTE.

If, seated on my rustic bench under a spreading ilex, I was not joining in the pleasures and amusements of those around me, I was tasting an amount of enjoyment to the full as great. It was my first holiday after many months of monotonous labor. It was the first moment in which I felt myself free to look about me without the irksome thought of a teasing duty—that everlasting song of score and tally, which Hans and I sang duet fashion, and which at last seemed to enter my very veins and circulate with my blood.

The scene itself was of rare beauty. Seated as I was, the bay appeared a vast lake, for the outlet that led seaward was backed by an island, and thus the coast-line seemed unbroken throughout. Over this wide expanse now hundreds of fishing-boats were moving in every direction, for the wind was blowing fresh from the land, and permitted them to tack and beat as they pleased. If thus in the crisply curling waves, the flitting boats, and the fast-flying clouds above, there was motion and life, there was, in the high-peaked mountain that frowned above me, and in the dark rocks that lined the shore, a stern, impassive grandeur that became all the more striking from contrast. The plashing water, the fishermen's cries, the merry laughter of the revelers as they strayed through brake and copse, seemed all but whispering sounds in that vast amphitheatre of mountain, so solemn was the influence of those towering crags that rose toward heaven.

"Have you been sitting there ever since?" asked the cashier, as he passed me with a string of friends.

"Ever since."

"Not had any breakfast?"

"None."

"Nor paid your compliments to Herr Ignaz and the Fräulein?"

I shook my head in dissent.

"Worst of all," said he, half rebukingly, and passed on. I now bethought me how remiss I had been. It is true it was through a sense of my own insignificant station that I had not presented myself to my host; but I ought to have remembered that this excuse could have no force outside the limits of my own heart; and so, as I despaired of finding Hanserl, whose advice might have aided me, I set out at once to make my respects.

A long, straight avenue, flanked by tall lime-trees, led from the sea to the house; and as I passed up this, crowded now like the chief promenade of a city, I heard many comments as I went on my dress and appearance. "What have we here?" said one. "Is this a prince or a mountebank?" "What boy, with a much-braid-bedizened velvet coat, is this?" muttered an old German, as he pointed at me with his pipe-stick.

One pronounced me a fencing-master; but public reprobation found its limit at last by calling me a Frenchman. Shall I own that I heard all these with something much more akin to pride than to shame? The mere fact that they recognized me as unlike one of themselves—that they saw in me what was not "Fiumano"—was in itself a flattery; and as to the depreciation, it was pure ignorance! I am afraid that I even showed how defiantly I took this criticism—showed it in my look, and showed it in my gait; for as I ascended the steps to the terrace of the villa I heard more than one comment on my pretentious demeanor. Perhaps some rumor of the approach of a distinguished guest had reached Herr Oppovich where he sat, at a table with some of the magnates of Fiume, for he hastily arose and came forward to meet me. Just as I gained the last terrace the old man stood bareheaded and bowing before me, a semicircle of wondering guests at either side of him.

"Whom have I the distinguished honor to receive?" said Herr Ignaz, with a profound show of deference?

"Don't you know me, Sir? Owen—Digby Owen."

"What!—how? Eh—in Heaven's name—sure it can't be! Why, I protest it is!" cried he, laying his hand on my shoulder as if to test my reality. "This passes all belief. Who ever saw the like! Come here, Knabe, come here." And slipping his hand within my arm he led me toward the table he had just quitted. "Sara," cried he, "here is a guest you have not noticed; a high and well-born stranger, who claims all your attention. Let him have the place of honor at your side. This, ladies and gentlemen, is Herr Digby Owen, the stave-counter of my timber-yard!" And he burst with this into a roar of laughter, that, long pent up by an effort, now seemed to threaten him with a fit. Nor was the company slow in chorusing him: round after round shook the table, and it seemed as if the joke could never be exhausted.

All this time I stood with my eyes fixed on the Fräulein, whose glance was directed as steadfastly on me. It was a haughty look she bent on me, but it became her well, and I forgave all the scorn it conveyed in the pleasure her beauty gave me. My face, which at first was in a flame, became suddenly cold, and a faintish sickness was creeping over me, so that, to steady myself, I had to lay my hand on a chair. "Won't you sit down?" said she, in a voice fully as much command as invitation. She pointed to a chair a little distance from her own, and I obeyed.

The company appeared now somewhat ashamed of its rude display of merriment, and seeing how quietly and calmly I bore myself—unresentingly too—there seemed something like a reaction in my favor. Foreigners, it must be said, are generally sorry when betrayed into any exhibition of ill-breeding, and hastily seek to make amends for it. Perhaps Herr Oppovich himself was the least ready in this movement, for he continued to look on me with a strange blending of displeasure and amusement.

The business of breakfast was now resumed, and the servants passed round with the dishes, helping me among the rest. While I was eating I heard—what of course was not meant for my ears—an explanation given by one of the company of my singular appearance. He had lived in England, and said that the English of every condition had a passion for appearing to belong to some rank above their own; that to accomplish this there was no sacrifice they would not make, for these assumptions imposed upon those who made them fully as much as on the public they were made for. "You'll see," added he, "that the youth there, so long as he figures in that fine dress, will act up to it so far as he knows how." He talked with a degree of assurance and fluency that gained conviction, and I saw that his hearers went along with him, and there soon began—very cautiously and very guardedly indeed—a sort of examination of me and my pretensions, for which, fortunately for me, I was so far prepared.

"And do all English boys of your rank in life speak and read four languages?" asked Herr Ignaz, after listening some time to my answers.

"You are assuming to know his rank, papa," whispered Sara, who watched me closely during the whole interrogatory.

"Let him answer my question," rejoined the old man, roughly.

"Perhaps not all," said I, half amused at the puzzle I was becoming to them.

"Then how came it your fortune to know them—that is, if you *do* know them?"

Slipping out of his question, I replied—"Nothing can be easier than to test that point. There are gentlemen here whose acquirements go far beyond mine."

"Your German is very good," said Sara. "Let me hear you speak French."

"It is too much honor for me," said I, bowing, "to address you at all."

"Is your Italian as neat in accent as that?" asked a lady near.

"I believe I am best in Italian—of course, after English—for I always talked it with my music-master, as well as with my teacher."

"Music-master!" cried Herr Ignaz; "what phœnix have we here?"

"I don't think we are quite fair to this boy," said a stern-featured, middle-aged man. "He has shown us that there is no imposition in his pretensions, and we have no right to question him further. If Herr Ignaz thinks you too highly gifted for his service, young man, come over to Carl Bettmeyer's counting-house to-morrow at noon."

"I thank you, Sir," said I, "and am very grateful; but if Herr Oppovich will bear with me, I will not leave him."

Sara's eyes met mine as I spoke, and I can not tell what a flood of rapture her look sent into my heart.

"The boy will do well enough," muttered Herr Ignaz. "Let us have a ramble through the grounds, and see how the skittle-players go on."

And thus passed off the little incident of my appearance: an incident of no moment to any but myself, as I was soon to feel; for the company, descending the steps, strayed away in broken twos or threes through the grounds as caprice or will inclined them.

If I were going to chronicle the fête itself, I might perhaps say there was a striking contrast between the picturesque beauty of the spot and the pastime of those who occupied it. The scene recalled nothing so much as a village fair. All the simple out-of-door amusements of popular taste were there. There were conjurors and saltimbanques and fortune-tellers, lottery-booths and nine-pin alleys and restaurants, only differing from their prototypes that there was nothing to pay. If a considerable number of the guests were well pleased with the pleasures provided for them, there were others no less amused as spectators of these enjoyments, and the result was an amount of mirth and good-humor almost unbounded. There were representatives of almost every class and condition, from the prosperous merchant or rich banker down to the humblest clerk or even the porter of the warehouse; and yet a certain tone of equality pervaded all, and I observed that they mixed with each other on terms of friendliness and familiarity that never recalled any difference of condition; and this feature alone was an ample counterpoise to any vulgarity observable in their manners. If there was any snobbery it was of a species quite unlike what we have at home, and I could not detect it.

While I strolled about, amusing myself with the strange sights and scenes around me, I suddenly came upon a sort of merry-go-round, where the performers, seated on small hobby-horses, tilted with a lance at a ring as they spun round, their successes or failures being hailed with cheers or with laughter from the spectators. To my intense astonishment, I might almost say shame, Hanserl was there! Mounted on a fiery little gray, with blood-shot eyes and a flowing tail, the old fellow seemed to have caught the spirit of his steed, for he stood up in his stirrups, and leaned forward with an eagerness that showed how he enjoyed the sport. Why was it that the spectacle so shocked me? Why was it that I shrunk back into the crowd, fearful that he might recognize me? Was it not well it the poor fellow could throw off, even for a passing moment, the weary drudgery of his daily life, and play the fool just for distraction sake? All this I could have believed and accepted a short time before, and yet now a strange revulsion of feeling had come over me, and I went away, well pleased that Hans had not seen nor claimed me. "These vulgar games don't amuse you," said a voice at my side, and I turned and saw the merchant, who, at the breakfast-table, invited me to his counting-house.

"Not that," said I; "but they seem strange and odd at a private entertainment. I was scarce prepared to see them here."

"I suspect that is not exactly the reason," said he, laughing. "I know something of your English tone of exclusiveness, and how each class of your people has its appropriate pleasures. You scorn to be amused in low company."

"You seem to forget my own condition, Sir."

"Come, come," said he with a knowing look, "I am not so easily imposed on, as I told you a while back. I know England. Your ways and notions are all known to me. It is not in the place you occupy here young lads are found who speak three or four languages, and have hands that show as few signs of labor as yours. Mind," said he, quickly, "I don't want to know your secret."

"If I had a secret it is scarcely likely I'd tell it to a stranger," said I, haughtily.

"Just so; you'd know your man before you trusted him. Well, I'm more generous, and I'm going to trust you, whom I never saw till half an hour ago."

"Trust *me!*"

"Trust you," repeated he, slowly. "And, first of all, what age would you give that young lady whose birthday we are celebrating?"

"Seventeen—eighteen—perhaps nineteen."

"I thought you'd say so; she looks nineteen. Well, I can tell you her age to an hour. She is fifteen to-day."

"Fifteen!"

"Not a day older, and yet she is the most finished coquette in Europe. Having given Fiume to understand that there is not a man here whose pretensions she would listen to, her whole aim and object is to surround herself with admirers—I might say worshipers. Young fellows are fools enough to believe they have a chance of winning her favor, while each sees how contemptuously she treats the other. They do not perceive it is the number of adorers she cares for."

"But what is all this to me?"

"Simply that you'll be enlisted in that corps to-morrow," said he, with a malicious laugh; "and I thought I'd do you a good turn to warn you as to what is in store for you."

"Me? *I* enlisted! Why, just bethink you, Sir, who and what I am: the very lowest creature in her father's employment."

"What does that signify? There's a mystery about you. You are not—at least you were not—what you seem now. You have as good looks and better manners than the people usually about her. She can amuse herself with you, and so far harmlessly, that she can dismiss you when she's tired of you, and if she can only persuade you to believe yourself in love with her, and can store up a reasonable share of misery for you in consequence, you'll make her nearer being happy than she has felt this many a day."

"I don't understand all this," said I, doubtingly.

"Well, you will one of these days; that is, unless you have the good sense to take my warning in good part, and avoid her altogether."

"It will be quite enough for me to bear in mind who she is, and what I am!" said I, calmly.

"You think so? Well, I don't agree with you. At all events, keep what I have said to yourself, even if you don't mean to profit by it." And with this he left me.

That strange education of mine, in which M. de Balzac figured as a chief instructor, made me reflect on what I had heard in a spirit little like that of an ordinary lad of sixteen years of age. Those wonderful stories, in which passion and emotion represent action, and where the great game of life is played out at a fireside or in a window recess, and where feeling and sentiment war and fight and win or lose—these same tales supplied me with wherewithal to understand this man's warnings, and at the same time to suspect his motives; and from that moment my life became invested with new interests and new anxieties, and to my own heart I felt myself a hero of romance.

As I sauntered on, revolving very pleasant thoughts to myself, I came upon a party who were picnicking under a tree. Some of them graciously made a place for me, and I sat down and ate my dinner with them. They were very humble people all of them, but courteous and civil to my quality of stranger in a remarkable degree. Nor was I less struck by the delicate forbearance they showed toward the host; for, while the servant pressed them to drink Bordeaux and Champagne, they merely took the little wines of the country, perfectly content with simple fare and the courtesy that offered them better.

When one of them asked me if I had ever seen a fête of such magnificence in my own country, my mind went back to that costly entertainment of our villa, and Pauline came up before me, with her long dark eyelashes, and those lustrous eyes beaming with expression, and flashing with a light that dazzled while it charmed. Coquetry has no such votaries as the young. Its artifices, its studied graces, its thousand rogueries, to *them* seem all that is most natural and most "naïve;" and thus every toss of her dark curls, every little mock resentment of her beautiful mouth, every bend and motion of her supple figure, rose to my mind, till I pictured her image before me, and thought I saw her.

"What a hunt I have had after you, Herr Englander," said a servant, who came up to me all flushed and heated. "I have been over the whole park in search of you."

"In search of *me?* Surely you mistake."

"No; it is no mistake. I see no one here in a velvet jacket but yourself; and Herr Ignaz told me to find you and tell you that there is a place kept for you at his table, and they are at dinner now in the large tent before the terrace."

I took leave of my friends, who rose respectfully to make their adieux to the honored guest of the host, and I followed the servant to the house. I was not without my misgivings that the scene of the morning, with its unpleasant cross-examination of me, might be repeated, and I even canvassed myself how far I ought to submit to such liberties; but the event was not to put my dignity to the test. I was received on terms of perfect equality with those about me; and, though the dinner had made some progress before I arrived, it was with much difficulty I could avoid being served with soup and all the earlier delicacies of the entertainment.

I will not dwell on the day that to recall seems more to me like a page out of a fairy tale than a little incident of daily life. I was, indeed, to all intents the enchanted prince of a story, who went about with the lovely princess on his arm, for I danced the mazurka with the Fräulein Sara, and was her partner several times during the evening, and finished the fête with her in the cotillon, she declaring, in that calm quiet voice that did not seek to be unheard around, that I alone could dance the waltz à deux temps, and that I slid gently, and did not spring like a Fiumano, or bound like a French bagman—a praise that brought on me some very menacing looks from certain commis-voyageurs near me, and which I, confident in my "skill of fence," as insolently returned.

"You are not to return to the Hof, Herr von Owen, to-morrow," said she, as we parted. "You are to wait on papa at his office at eleven o'clock." And there was a staid dignity in her words that spoke command; but in styling me "*von*" there was a whole world of recognition; and I kissed her hand as I said good-night with all the deference of her slave, and all the devotion of one who already felt her power and delighted in it.

THE CHICAGO RIVER TUNNEL.

We publish on page 68 several illustrations relating to the Chicago River Tunnel just completed. It is the only tunnel of this kind on the continent, and with the exception of the Thames Tunnel the only one in the world.

The Chicago *Post* of January 2 gives the following description of the work:

The work was commenced July 27, 1867, by Messrs. Stewart, Ludlam, & Co., but was abandoned by them, and the contract thrown up. Their work gave way, and soon after the present contractors, Messrs. J. K. Lake & Co., took it up, cleared away the fallen débris, built more trust-worthy and workman-like coffer-dams, and with a corps of efficient laborers worked steadily and with all proper rapidity, until finally their labor was crowned with success, and Chicago was given the honor of being the first to show to the American public what science and perseverance can do. An interior examination of the great work is very interesting. For 332 feet from the entrance the tunnel comprises a single large chamber. It is 10 feet 6 inches at the entrance, and about 150 feet from the river centre it increases to 23½ feet. From the invert to the top of the arch the height is 20 feet 6 inches. The invert itself is 20 inches thick, being the segment of a circle 47.66 inches in diameter. At the base the abutments are 8 feet broad, until they reach the height of 5 feet 2 inches, when they continue 6 feet thick for 7 feet more. The arch is 32 feet thick at the sides, and 24 at top; is 9 feet high above the springing lines, and has 3 centres. The spandrel backs are formed of rubble masonry. The chamber at 150 feet distance from the river centre is 18 feet high, the inverts 16 inches thick, the abutments 7 feet 2 inches at base for a height of 3 feet 4 inches, then 6 feet thick for another foot, and 5 feet thick at top. The upper arch at this point has 3 centres, is 28 inches thick at sides, and 20 at top. The height above the springing arches is 7[illegible] feet here. This

section extends 364 feet on the west side, and has a corresponding section on the east side, which extends 269 feet. At 110 feet from the river centre, on either side, separate double wagon-ways begin. Each are 11 feet wide and 15 high. A thick wall divides them, and supports and strengthens the work directly beneath the river bend. The two ends of the passage correspond. Parallel with the carriage-way the foot-passage extends 11 feet high at the centre, and 6 at the sides of the arch. A flooring of white pine is laid on joists, making a good even surface. The lights will be 40 feet apart here and 50 in the carriage-way. Entrances are pierced through the walls to the roadways and the other footway. Neat passenger houses, each 22 feet long by 19 feet 4 inches wide, stand on either side of the river over the passenger entrance. They are of Tuscan style. In the masonry at the entrance is the usual tablet, with the names of the contractors, engineers, and board of public works. The walk is 810 feet between the entrances. Eighteen steps are in each house. Ventilation shafts are sunk 110 feet from the entrance, and by these and other arrangements the air of the tunnel will be kept fresh. The contract price was $330,000, but the cost will probably be more. Since July 27, 1867, 600,000 hours of mechanics' and laborers' work have been expended on the work, 45,000 cubic yards of clay excavated, 5000 cubic yards of cement laid, 6000 of brick and 10,000 of stone masonry, 10,000 of broken stone and sand, and 20,000 barrels of Falls City cement. Besides the manual labor a large amount of horse and steam-engine labor was used. Of the original amount the first contractors received $20,584 57, and Messrs. LAKE & Co. $288,632 02, which leaves them a balance of about $20,000. E. S. CHESBROUGH and W. BRYSON, assisted by his son, are the engineers. It being demonstrated that the great work is a success, it is probable that it will be followed by other similar enterprises, so that the great annoyance of open bridges will cease to vex the busy city. The tunnel was formally but quietly opened yesterday morning (January 1) by the city officials. At 11 o'clock Mayor RICE, a number of Aldermen, the Board of Public Works, the Police and Fire Commissioners, with the contractors and a few invited guests, left the Court-house and proceeded to the entrance, headed by a squad of police. The steam fire-engines, "T. B. Brown" and "Liberty," with their hose-carts, and the "Pioneer" hook and ladder truck, all gayly decked with flags, were waiting at the tunnel, and after the carriages had entered they followed. Then came the private carriages. After going through the procession turned on West Canal Street and came back again. Upon their arriving at Franklin Street the carriages proceeded to the passenger entrance on Market Street, when the party alighted and walked through on the passenger-way. On returning they took their carriages and departed. The tunnel was thrown open to the public, who thronged through, making a survey of the glorious work.

NAVAL ACADEMY BALL AT ANNAPOLIS.

THIS ball, of which we give an illustration on page 72, was given on the evening of January 8, by the first-class cadets of the Annapolis Naval Academy. The preparations were elegant and elaborate, involving great expense, and the result was a magnificent success. The number of cadets was about ninety; their class is for the most part made up of wealthy young men. The relatives of the boys, and a large number of beautiful girls, honored the occasion with their presence. The interior of an old fort was transformed by these merry-makers into a fairy-like paradise. The roof was lined with blue and studded with silver stars; the sides were ornamented in the best artistic style, cutlasses and muskets being profusely distributed amidst a vast quantity of bunting and evergreens, the whole presenting a very charming *tout ensemble*. Admiral PORTER was present with his son, Captain D. E. PORTER.

ARREST OF THE LITTLE STREET PEDDLERS.

EVERY one residing in our metropolis will easily see who are meant by "the little street peddlers," shown on page 72, the little boys and girls who are seen in our streets with matches, cigars, buttons, and other petty nick-nacks for sale. Orders have recently been issued to the police force to arrest all of these vagrant children and deliver them into the hands of the Commissioners of Charity. This measure, though at first glance it may seem rigorous, is really dictated by humanity. Idle and heartless parents and cruel speculators send these little unfortunates out poorly clad in the most inclement season of the year. They will hereafter be taken in hand by the police, and after being reported at the station-house, will be delivered to the Commissioners of Charity to be sent to the benevolent institutions on Randall's Island. It is to these children a deliverance not only from wretchedness, but also from the vilest degradation.

RECEPTIONS BY THE PRESIDENT ELECT.

THE reception-room at General GRANT's head-quarters in Washington is a small, square parlor to the left of the door opening upon the street. At mid-day there is sure to be a throng in waiting. One visitor simply desires to see General GRANT and to shake hands with him, and goes away prepared to recount the circumstances of his interview for the benefit of all his acquaintances. But the great proportion of callers are those desiring offices. Some come to offer their congratulations, with which advice is not seldom combined. The most disagreeable of these bores to the General is the newspaper correspondent, who does a great deal of talking while GRANT does a great deal of tedious listening, after which Jenkins disappears, and soon after publishes to the world what he said to the General, which he by some hocus pocus transfers to the lips of his long-suffering listener. Even the President elect has his troubles; but General GRANT has the happy faculty of holding his own tongue, if he can not restrain that of the parasitic crowd.

THE CRETAN INSURRECTION.

CASTEL-SELINO, a Cretan sea-board village, is situated on the southern coast of the island, and has been for many months the base of supplies for the Cretan insurgents. Protected on one side by lofty mountains, and on the other by an islet several miles in length, the little bay of Castel-Selino is completely sheltered against the winds of the Archipelago. The strategic importance of this position, though hitherto ignored by the Turks, did not escape the Venetians who occupied the island at the time of the conquest of Constantinople, and who erected the fort called Castel-Selino, some ruins of which still remain. The bay is now blockaded by the Turks.

For more than two years the Cretans have successfully maintained their struggle for autonomy and freedom. Sixty thousand of the inhabitants, chiefly old men, women, and children, are in exile at Athens, while their brothers, husbands, and fathers are resisting Turkish despotism. Such fortitude commands the admiration and should elicit the sympathy of the entire Christian world. The noble cause in which this valor is enlisted especially commends itself to the co-operation and sympathy of the American people.

A NORTH WIND.

THERE was over all the land
  A dark and heavy day,
Till a wind came out of the North
  And blew the clouds away.

And the old flag went down
  On the broad Southern plain,
Till a wind came out of the North
  And raised it up again.

A mighty rushing wind
  Blew straight from Plymouth Rock,
And the voices of men were in it—
  Men of the Pilgrim stock.

There was the sound of woods,
  And the dash of the mighty sea;
And wherever the North wind went
  Men heard the words, 'Be free!

Come, let us claim the land
  Once more for liberty;
The Northern to the Southern pine
  Sent greeting cheerily.

Strong is the wind of the North,
  Strong as the arm of Right
(The breath of many noble lives
  It was that won our fight!);

Keen is the wind of the North,
  Keen as the sword of Truth
(O for the slain of all the land!
  O for the flower of youth!).

Clouds are over the sky,
  Clouds that follow the rain,
Come, O wind of the North!
  And clear the skies again,

Till the smoke is rolled away,
  And the battle echoes cease;
For it is only victory
  Hath power to utter, Peace!

CARL SPENCER.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THE new bridge which is proposed to be constructed between New York and Brooklyn will probably be the most stupendous structure of the kind in the world. The two main cables will be suspended from towers 268 feet above high tide. It will cross the East River with a single span of 1600 feet, and 133 feet above high tide. The total length of the bridge is estimated at 3862 feet, and the whole expense of its erection about eight million dollars.

A new journal in the French language is announced under the title of the *Avant Garde*, or "Vanguard." It will probably be published in Brussels. M. Victor Hugo will be the chief editor, assisted by his sons and other prominent writers.

Good land, suitable for market gardening, is cheaper within ten miles of Boston than it is within that distance of San Francisco. Land is cheaper within ten miles of London than it is around the metropolis of the Pacific. Five hundred dollars per annum will hire a better tenement within five miles of Westminster Abbey than it will within five miles of the City Hall of San Francisco! Land is now held so high in California that a farmer with limited means can not purchase. Every body is expecting a rush of population as soon as the railroad is completed, and there is consequently great speculation in real estate. The farmers of Northern California are selling out and moving southward where lands are cheaper.

A pleasant story is told of the poet Longfellow by the Florence correspondent of the London *News*. The writer was returning from the funeral service in memory of Rossini, when his attention was attracted by a gentleman perhaps some sixty years of age, with silvery locks and beard, accompanied by a lady, a youth, and two young girls. This gentleman, while watching the moving crowd around him, unconsciously became the object of deep interest to a party of young Anglo-Italian girls near him. One of them exclaimed, "I am sure it must be he, he is so like the prints!" At length one of the young girls drew near to the lady accompanying the silver-haired stranger, and said, "Pray excuse the liberty, but is not that Mr. Longfellow?" "To be sure it is," was the reply. "Oh, I am so happy I have seen him!" was the instant and spontaneous exclamation; "that really is a treat; that is worth a great deal more than the Requiem." The young Anglo-Italian then retreated to rejoin her own party, but her remarks had been communicated both to the American poet and to the two girls whom he was holding by the hand, and with a charming frankness they all came forward and spoke a few words of natural and simple courtesy; which, doubtless, will, throughout the whole lives of those to whom they were addressed, lend a sweeter perfume to the verse of Evangeline and Hiawatha.

A young girl died last week in this city from the effects of burns caused by the explosion of a kerosene oil-lamp. Accidents from this cause have become so alarmingly frequent that the coroner determined to investigate this case. The oil was tested and found to be below the legal standard. The jury rendered a verdict that the death was caused by the explosion of a mixture of kerosene oil and benzine. The manufacturer of this mixture and also the vendor were deemed guilty of a grave offense. Pure kerosene oil has been shown to be perfectly harmless, and all that is explosive is sold in defiance of a law that was passed by the Legislature in 1866, prohibiting the sale of kerosene below a certain standard.

A Parisian journal describes a case of poisoning by nitro-benzine which recently occurred at Stuttgard. A vigorous young man of twenty-four, who was engaged in emptying a cask of artificial oil of bitter almonds by means of a syphon, thereby unconsciously introduced some nitro-benzine into his system. He did not discover it at once, but continued to work for two hours longer, when he was seized with headache, vertigo, and stuttering; his face assumed a bluish tint, and he fell down in a fit. Emetics were administered without success, and he died on the following day. Upon dissection the whole body emitted a strong smell of bitter almonds. The most remarkable circumstance in this case is that the poison remained so long inactive.

The Loew bridge, which has at length been removed from Broadway, has awakened some poetic genius. He commences a poem entitled "Bridge of Size," after the following fashion:

"Lo! the unfortunate
  Bridge that was built
By Loew the importunate
  Dealer in gilt.

"Like a huge grasshopper
  Spanning the street,
No more on top of her
  Rustics may meet."

It is said that during the last three months there have been 150,000 new rifles sent from Providence, Rhode Island, to Europe. Over 5000 have been sent to Cuba, and 6000 muzzle-loaders, transformed to breech-loading, shipped to Mexico.

The Boston *Post* expresses the opinion that women have no greater weakness for dress than men. The dress of women is more demonstrative and showy; but this does not necessarily involve a greater expenditure. A man sees the last of a $100 bill in getting a suit of clothes; if a woman spends $50 she is accused of extravagance. Of ten men and ten women, taken in the street as they come, it will be found that the men spend two dollars to one of the women. Of course a majority of the men won't admit this; but it is truth, nevertheless. At least the *Post* gallantly makes the assertion.

A story is told of an old English grocer who has left $15,000 to Charles Dickens, on condition that he will read the "Trial from Pickwick" to the grocer's family once yearly until he dies.

The new wing of the Treasury Department is rapidly approaching completion. The three upper stories are finished, and are nearly ready for occupancy by the Internal Revenue Department. The lower floors will not be finished for two or three months. The walls of the "cash-room" are to be paneled with rare specimens of Italian marble. The marble will cost about $40,000. When finished it will be the finest room in America, if not in the world.

Social life in Louisville, Kentucky, must be pleasant. A young man living in that city the other day put his hand in his pocket in order to find the key to his store, and give it to his partner, when the latter, supposing he was feeling for a pistol, drew his own and shot him dead.

A Boston exchange is responsible for the following story. A short time since a man appeared at the Boston City Hall, requesting an interview with the Chief of the Police:

"What can I do for you?" inquired the official.

"Are you the Chief?"

"Yes."

"Can I speak to you privately?"

"Yes—speak out!"

"Will no one hear us?"

"No."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, listen: as I was crossing the Common last night, about twelve o'clock, I saw a woman approach the pond with a baby in her arms, looking carefully around all the while to see if she was followed, and then, when right at the edge, stooped and—"

"Threw the child into the Frog Pond!" exclaimed the appalled officer, his face white with horror.

"No," replied his visitor; "*washed its face!*"

Two young ladies have made application to become members of the Cornell University. It is stated that Mr. Cornell has informed them that if they present themselves next fall they will be received.

A method of manufacturing rubber which does not contain mercury in any form, designed for dental uses, has recently been discovered. This article guards against various unfortunate results which frequently follow the use of the ordinary preparations of rubber for dentists.

At the first annual meeting of the Woman's Board of Missions, which was recently held in Boston, it was reported that the society had sent out seven missionaries during the year, and furnished means to employ eleven native women as Bible-readers. The receipts of the first year have been $5031.

A well-qualified candidate for police service in this city is said to have been recently rejected because he was not *quite* tall enough. He was, however, so nearly of the requisite height that his physician advised him to go home, get up early in the morning, take a warm bath, and apply again, as a man is a little taller in the morning, and just after taking a warm bath, than at other times. The applicant followed the doctor's advice, and succeeded in getting appointed!

A spiritual *séance* was lately held in this city. The following is a sample of the interviews held with departed spirits: "Are the spirits of any of my deceased friends present?" inquired a gentleman. (Answer, three raps.)

"Male?" (No response.)

"Female?" (Three raps.)

"Mother?" (No response.)

"Wife?" (Three raps.)

"What do you wish to communicate?" pursued the gentleman.

"I am always with you," was rapped out.

"Any thing more to communicate?"

"Nothing," was immediately rapped out.

This was conclusive, if not satisfactory.

One gentleman found the spirit of a son waiting to rap out a chat with him, who averred that he never had a son to his knowledge. Another gentleman, being told that the spirit of his wife was in waiting to talk with him, positively avowed that if he had ever been married he was in blissful ignorance of the fact.

In North Stonington, Connecticut, there is an immense mine of silica, which will be worked next spring, and soon will prove a mine of wealth to that section of the country. An excavation to the depth of about two hundred feet has been made on the land, and standing on the surface and looking down, the cavity has the appearance of an immense basin of milk. The silica has been tested at several of the largest glass and crockery manufactories of the country, and pronounced equal to the best that can be obtained elsewhere.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

IS THAT SO?—It appears that Lent will be very early in 1869. Smith says that it always is with him, but that borrowing is always late. He is always in time for the former, but can never hit the precise time for the latter when applying to his friends.

TECHNICAL WISE SAWS.

A tailor sits on his board, flies his goose, cuts his own cabbage, and stays at home when he is always cutting out.

A shoemaker looks to his end when he is waxing strong, and is no believer in the immortality of his sole, because he hammers it to the last.

A nailer never spareth the rod, though he heateth whenever he beats. His hits are always hard on the head, and his blows are given with the face of his hammer and the handle of his bellows.

A painter is an oily customer. He has a brush with every body he comes in contact with; and though he colors up and reddens when found doing knotting, he still takes the lead that is required for his employer's work, and melts it down in his paint-pot to use it.

A carpenter is a plane-dealer. His "saws" are sharp, he has a rule for doing every thing on the square; he can scale any height of building, he can auger and bore well, and can walk the plank as well as cut it from under him. He is a regular chip of the old block.

A printer can do nothing without his stick; he is always bothered about some matter or other. But this is the type of the whole companionship, who claim the exclusive copy-right to stick each other even in the galley.

A REDEEMING ACTION—Taking your watch out of pawn.

A STOCK-IN-TRADE—A hosiery business.

"SHEAR PROFITS"—Tailor's cabbage.

A PRINTER'S PROOF—Is he, indeed? Against what?

THE HEIGHT OF MODESTY.—The most bashful girl we ever knew was one who blushed when she was asked if she had not been courting sleep.

A BACHELOR'S DEFENSE.—Who is petted to death by ladies with marriageable daughters? The bachelor.—Who is invited to tea and evening parties, and told to drop in just when it is convenient? The bachelor.—Who lives in clover all his days, and when he dies has flowers strewn on his grave by the girls that could not entrap him? The bachelor.—Who goes to bed early because time drags heavily with him? The married man.—Who gets a scolding for picking out the softest part of the bed, and for waking up the baby in the morning? The married man.—Who has wood to split and marketing to do, the young ones to wash, and the lazy servants to look after? The married man.—Who is taken up for whipping his wife? The married man.—Who gets divorces? The married man.

SOCIAL SUPERSTITIONS.

That it betrays a vulgar mind to carry a parcel in the street, especially if it be wrapped up in a piece of newspaper.

That if you are seen running, as though really in a hurry, you must certainly lose caste, and that nobody worth knowing will take notice of you afterward.

That something dreadful must happen if you leave your gloves at home, although the weather is so hot that you can not bear to wear them.

QUERIES.

What sort of a substance is "Musical Pitch?"

Will some sportsman tell us what "double gunny bags" are?

What are "Matrimonial Dominoes?"

Is "Zoroaster" a flower?

What is a "portable ox-tail?"

Is a "cotton gin" intoxicating?

Where do "literary laurels" grow?

Can you steer a vessel by the "compass of the voice?"

How much is "The Village Pound?"

Alexander the Great seeing Diogenes looking attentively at a parcel of human bones asked the philosopher what he was looking for.

"That which I can not find," was the reply; "the difference between your father's bones and those of his slaves."

On his death-bed a distinguished humorist requested that no one might be invited to his funeral, "because," sighed the dying wag, "it is a civility I can never repay."

A schoolmaster asked a class of boys the meaning of the word "appetite." After a short pause, one little boy said, "I know, Sir; when I'm eatin' I'm happy, and when I'm done I'm tight."

QUERIES FROM A LAND-LUBBER.

Is the meat on board ship cut up on the blocks, and served out to the men over the counter?

Is the poultry kept in the hatchway or the cockpit?

Have the cat-heads any thing to do with the nine-tails?

Is the cattle kept in the bulwarks?

Is the cap made of lace, and worn on the mast-head?

Are there main pillow-cases as well as main-sheets?

Is the ship's waist kept in proper trim by the stays?

Are the bunks stowed away in the bunkers?

Is very hard labor performed in the galleys?

Are the dead sailors wrapped in the shrouds before burial?

When a man "heaves the lead" is it part of his duty to take an emetic before he does so?

Is the rudder red? and if it's redder, is it called a rudderer?

Is the fore-top ever spun?

"Doctor," said a hard-looking, brandy-faced customer, a few days ago to a physician, "Doctor, I'm troubled with an oppression and uneasiness about the breast. What do you suppose the matter is?"

"All very easily accounted for," said the physician; "you have water on the chest."

"Water! Come, that 'll do very well for a joke, but how could I get water on my chest, when I haven't touched a drop in twenty years? If you had said brandy, you might have hit it!"

A witness was examined before a judge in a case of slander, who required him to repeat the precise words spoken. The witness, fixing his eyes earnestly upon the judge, began: "May it please your Honor, you lie, and steal, and get your living by cheating." The face of the judge reddened, and he exclaimed, "Turn your head to the jury, Sir, when you speak."

Mr. Curran was once engaged in a legal argument; behind him stood his colleague, a gentleman whose person was remarkably tall and slender, and who had originally intended to take orders. The judge observed that the case under discussion involved a case of ecclesiastical law.

"Then," said Curran, "I can refer your lordship to a *high* authority behind me, who was once intended for the Church, though in my opinion he was fitter for the steeple."

"Tom, what kind of a waistcoat is that you have on?"

"Why, it's cloth, to be sure."

"Didn't it come from old Threadneedles, the tailor?"

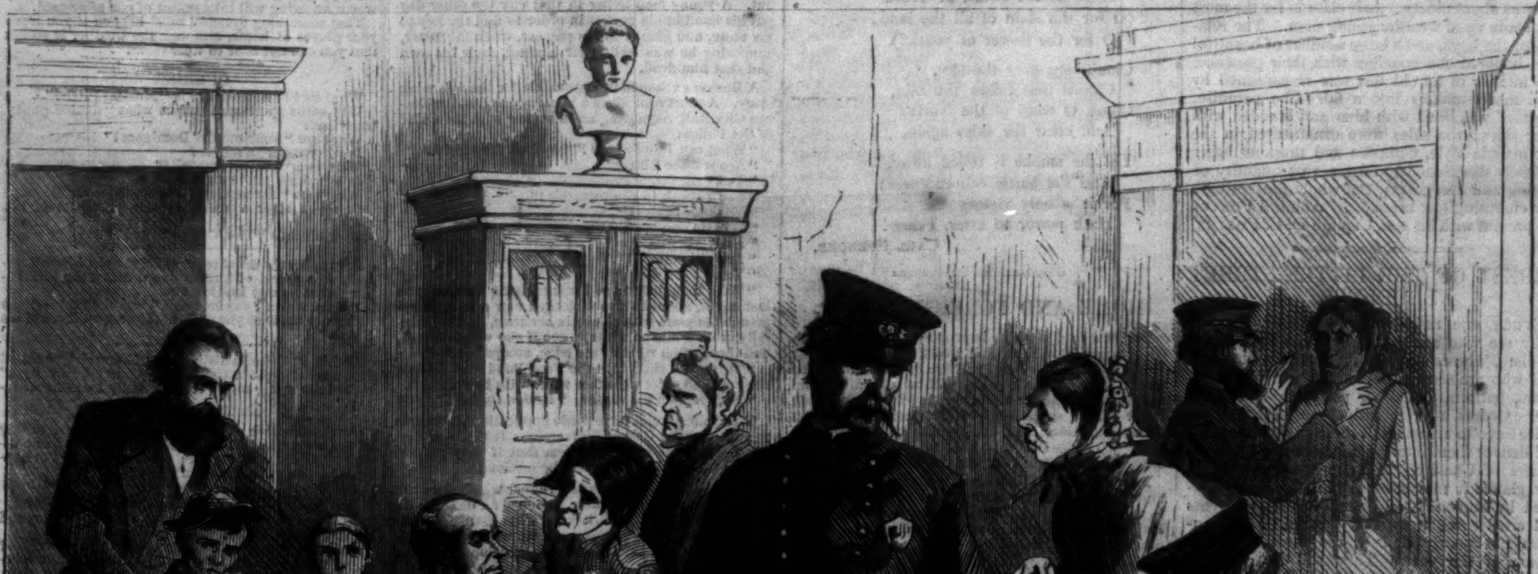
"Yes."

"Well, then, it's a vegetable waistcoat."

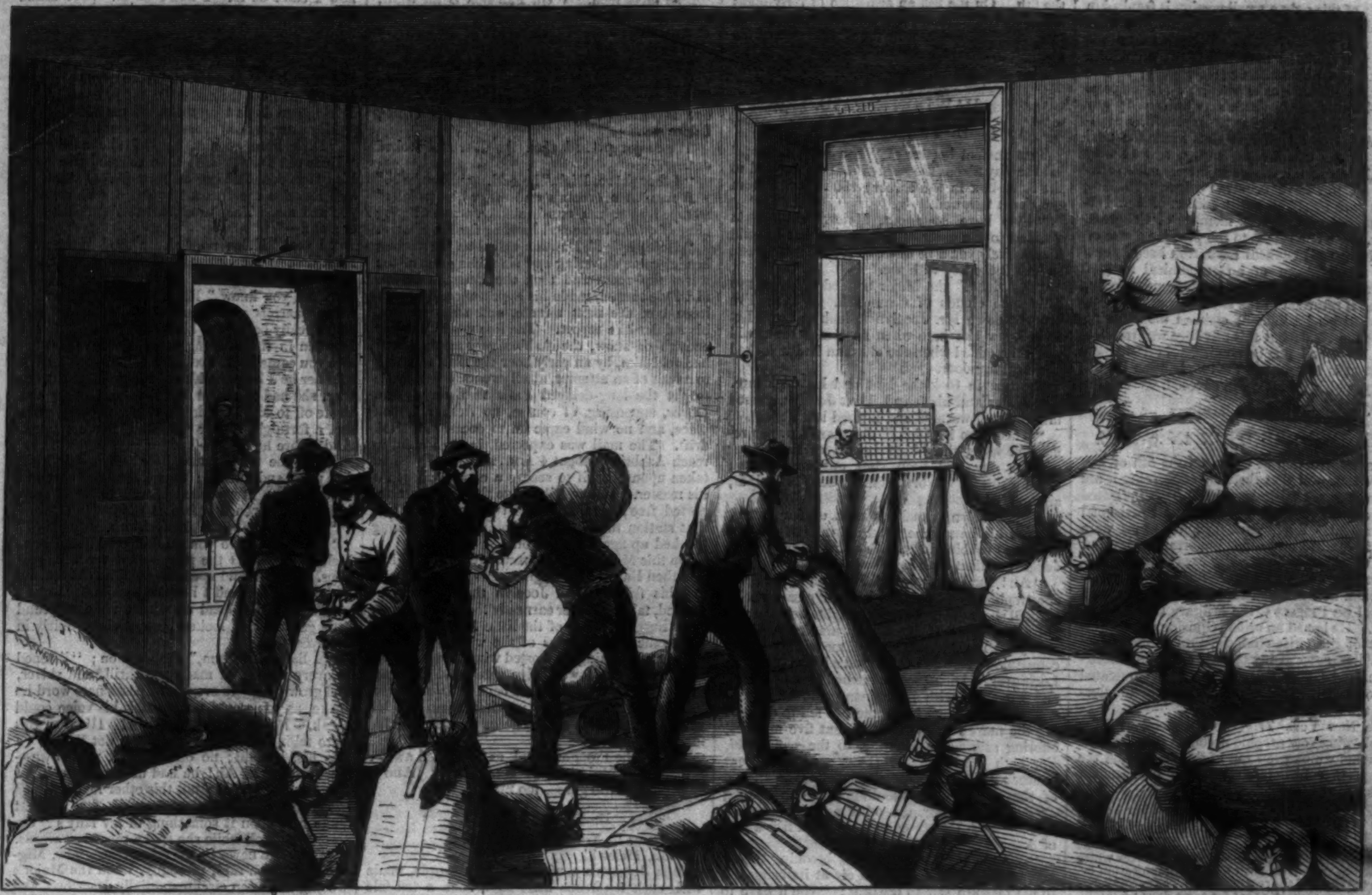
"A what?"

"A vegetable waistcoat! It's made of cabbage."

THE NAVAL ACADEMY BALL AT ANNAPOLIS, MARYLAND, JANUARY 8, 1869.—SKETCHED BY THEO. R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 71.]



LITTLE STREET PEDDLERS BEFORE THE COMMISSIONERS OF CHARITY, NEW YORK CITY.—SKETCHED BY PAUL FRANZENY.—[SEE PAGE 71.]



THE FRANKING ABUSE—FREE BAGS LEAVING THE WASHINGTON POST-OFFICE.—[Sketched by Theo. R. Davis.]

THE FRANKING ABUSE.

The design of the franking privilege, as legally established, evidently was to provide for the expense of official communications from certain officers of the national Government. The President is allowed this privilege during life; Cabinet officers are permitted to avail themselves of it, as also are all members of Congress during their term of office. As to private communications we do not see why they should be thus privileged because they proceed from one who is or has been President, or from the Heads of Departments, or from Senators and Representatives, any more than those originating from other sources.

But, even supposing that the law granting this privilege is a wise one, that law is daily violated and grossly abused by our law-makers. We refer our readers to our illustration on this page, and wish to submit a few facts to them in connection with this growing abuse.

Not less than a ton of free mail matter leaves the Washington office daily; it is unnecessary to

RECEPTION ROOM AT GENERAL GRANT'S HEAD-QUARTERS, WASHINGTON, D.C.—Sketched by Theo. R. Davis.—[See Page 71.]

say that of this only a small portion is franked in accordance with the law. There are two ways of evading the law. The officer to whom the privilege is granted may frank under his own hand the communications of his friends; and he may cause a stamp or any number of stamps to be made, so that his frank may be used by any number of persons or in any portion of the country. A Congressman may thus frank the mail matter of his entire constituency, and he may avail himself of this means to increase his popularity. Cases have occurred where publishing houses have issued an entire edition of a periodical under the stamp of a member of Congress. In fact, there is no limit to the possible abuse of the privilege. Instances have even been known where Congressmen of an economical turn of mind have sent home their washing under frank, and had it returned in the same manner.

The British Parliament claimed the franking privilege in 1660; but this privilege was restricted in 1837, and finally abolished in 1840. A movement is in progress for its abolition in this country, which we hope will succeed.

THE INSURRECTION IN CADIZ.

THE insurrection at Cadiz on the 5th of December last, now that the facts concerning it are known, can not fairly be said to have indicated a Republican conspiracy against the Provisional Government. Republican demonstrations were made in Madrid and other important cities, but only in Cadiz did this popular expression of feeling lead to unpleasant consequences. The insurrection here must be attributed to the folly of General DE PERALTA, the Military Governor of Cadiz. He issued an order requiring the disarmament of the citizen militia, prohibiting public assemblies, suppressing the journals, and declaring martial law. This order was promulgated at two o'clock P.M., and in half an hour afterward the whole city was in arms.

The New York *Tribune* correspondent gives the following very graphic account of the important events which grew out of this order, and the consequent collision between the Government troops and the insurgents:

Had PERALTA known his trade as soldier he had ample force to quell the outbreak; but instead of taking active measures against the insurgents he withdrew to the citadel, and sent to Madrid for aid. Cadiz is so situated that it was possible for the forces which marched against it to cut off all communication between the city and the rest of Spain. They established a blockade so complete that for some days no intelligence whatever went out from the city. The Government excepted, none in Madrid or elsewhere knew why Cadiz had risen, and the Government telegraphed all over Spain that the insurrection was not Republican but Carlist. People wondered at a Carlist movement in Cadiz, but nobody doubted the statement. When the armistice between the insurgents and the Government troops had been agreed on, a rumor of the real state of the case reached Seville. At infinite peril, some members of the Republican Committee of Seville made their way into Cadiz, learned the facts, escaped again to Seville, and spread them before their astonished Committee. At that moment they learned also that the Governor of Andalusia, the military district including both Seville and Cadiz, was about to declare the whole province in a state of siege; a measure to be taken on the pretext of public safety, but which looks very like the second step in that general programme of which the order in Cadiz had been the first.

The Republican Committee went to the Governor and told him that the promulgation of such an order would be followed by the summons of the Committee to the Republicans to rise in every town of the province. The Governor thought it prudent to suspend his proclamation and await orders from Madrid. To Madrid at the same moment sped a deputation to the Central Republican Committee, and that body learned for the first time what was doing and attempting in Cadiz and Seville. The whole committee of thirty-two were summoned, met, and took their resolution—a resolution of almost unparalleled boldness. They sent word to the Provisional Government that they desired a conference, and they went in a body to deliver their message. CASTELLAR, President of the Committee, and the first orator of Spain, addressed the Council. SERRANO, PRIM, and the other great officers of State were present. "We come to treat with you," began CASTELLAR, "on equal terms. You constitute the Government; we represent the people. We have heard the truth from Cadiz and Seville. We know that you have deceived us and all Spain. We know that the Cadiz insurrection is Republican, and not Carlist, and we know the infamous order of your Governor that caused it. We desire from you an assurance that the policy entered upon by that order shall be disavowed and abandoned. Though we know that the insurrection was necessary and just, we argue that the authority of the Government must be maintained, order preserved, and the point of military honor covered by a surrender of the arms in the hands of the insurgents. We undertake that they shall lay them down on a pledge from you that the Governor's order shall not be enforced nor renewed. But if that order is to be sustained, we give you notice that we will rise instantly in Madrid, in Barcelona, in Seville, in Carthagena, wherever in Spain there is a Republican organization, and with every enemy of the Revolution as an ally, we will overthrow your Government."

CASTELLAR spoke for three-quarters of an hour; spoke, it is said, with marvelous eloquence and force. He attacked the whole policy of the Provisional Government, from its beginning down to the outrage of Cadiz. This, and this, and this you have done; this and this you ought to have done—an indictment for almost every act. When he had finished, SERRANO, President of the Council, said: "Nothing in my life is so strange as that I should have sat and listened to such an attack upon the Government. Nothing so much amazes me as the audacity of the orator, except the eloquence which has half convinced me that what he has said is true." True or not, the Government found itself confronted by a force it was compelled to respect, and it gave way. The Council agreed to the terms proposed by the Committee. An understanding was come to, verbal on both sides, the Government abandoning its policy of terrorism, the insurgents giving up their arms, the Committee answering for the obedience of their party to the recognized authority. Thus far, the compact has been kept on both sides.

Our illustration on page 77 shows the conflict between the Government troops and the insurgents at the Quai des Capuchins in Cadiz. The insurgents fought with desperation, and were joined by even the women and children; stones and every sort of missile were used, and when the chasseurs of Madrid, dispatched to occupy the Quai des Capuchins, came up they were unable to hold the place against this furious multitude, and were repulsed with severe losses. The battle in the streets continued all night and through the 6th. On the 8th an armistice of forty-eight hours was agreed upon. The insurrection was terminated on the 13th by the capitulation of the insurgents.

RAWDON'S RAID.

I.—IN THE LOOSE-BOX.

THE ancient hostler of "The Jocelyn Arms" led the way across the hard-frozen stable-yard to the loose-box in the corner; the two men from the Court followed.

"Fyle have gone out, Major," old Spavin grunted to the elder of the pair; "but he said 'twere likely you'd be down to see the mare; and so he left the key with me."

"All right!" the Major nodded between two little blue clouds of Cavendish. "Yes; I've brought down Mr. Jocelyn to look at her. Let Fyle know I'm here when he comes back, will you?" he added when the old man had unlocked the creaking door.

Mr. Spavin took the hint and his departure. The Major and his friend, Dick Jocelyn, passed into the well-warmed and littered loose-box.

"There she is, Dick!" the mare's owner remarked when the biting breath of that bitter winter's day had been shut out once more; "there she is! Worth coming here to look at, ain't she?"

Dick Jocelyn, usually a man of few words, wagged his handsome head affirmatively. The mare was rubbing hers, with a low whinnying of delight, against the Major's shoulder.

"Ah! Lucia, *mia bella*," Rawdon Daringham apostrophized his pet, patting her glossy neck; "you'll show them the way to-night, won't you?"

Lucia dropped her ears, and whinnied again for answer. The Hussar looked meaningly in his companion's face as he whistled a bar of "Young Lochinvar." Dick Jocelyn seemed to understand, and responded with an eloquent grin.

Then, from sheer habit, the two fell to discussing the mare's points for the next five minutes, offering sacrifice, as it were, to the *genius loci*. For both were thinking about a very different matter all the time. At last they made an end of that; and were standing, the one leaning against the manger, the other against the wall, meeting each other's eyes, very much like a pair of Augurs.

"Well!" Dick Jocelyn said, breaking the silence with rather an injured air at its being left to his taciturn self to break it; "you'll have to do it, you know!"

"I think so," Daringham responded; "shortest way, and best way, too. She couldn't stand another week of this *butor's* persecution. And I don't see how else I'm to put a stop to it, unless I have a row with him: which would be a bore, and might do no good after all."

"Make it all the worse!" Dick affirmed. "Jeff wouldn't fight *you*, you know; and he'd simply take it out of *her*, the cad!"

Daringham's dark face grew darker, and his teeth closed ominously hard on the thick gray amber between them.

"I know that," he said; "I know that, Dick. That's what has made me quiet with the fellow so long. But that was before I knew she hated him, and—you understand?"

Jocelyn nodded. The other went on.

"Now it's different. I've a right now to interfere, if he annoys her; and I mean to, once for all. Only, as you say, the man won't fight; and I shall put it out of his power to revenge himself on her. There's only one way to do it, and that's this."

Dick signified assent in his favorite fashion.

"Of course," Daringham continued, "I'm sorry to cause any annoyance to Lady Hope; to have to upset her plans, and deprive her of her chosen *beau-fils*; but, under the circumstances, I don't see what else we're to do, your cousin and I. Lady Hope, you know, does me the honor to hate me very cordially. Natural enough she should when Mr. Marsden is her standard of perfection. I should have, as far as she is concerned, no chance whatever of winning in the usual way. Now, I happen to have set my heart on winning this time, Marsden or no Marsden; and I simply mean to adopt my lady's motto, 'Every one for himself,' and act accordingly."

Rawdon pointed his words by a few more bars of "Young Lochinvar," while he knocked the tobacco-ash from the brown meerschaum bowl.

"Fancy I see the 'puir fulish bridegroom's' expressive countenance when he discovers you've bolted!" the grinning Dick felt constrained to say. "It was a simply heavenly idea of mine, this!"

He chuckled fondly over the "heavenly idea," and the vision he had conjured up, for a minute or two. Then, relapsing into his wonted impassibility of demeanor, he inquired,

"To-night, eh?"

"That depends," the other answered, "on Fyle's report. I've sent him over to the Ashbridge Station to know if they will try and get the Paris mail through to-night. The line's blocked heavily between Ashbridge and Dover; but as they've been at work for the last two days, and there has been no wind to-day to make a fresh drift, there *is* just the chance they will manage it. If they do, we're all right: if they don't, *partie remise*, that's all!"

"You're a jolly cool hand, Don!" Dick muttered, admiringly. "Said any thing to *her* yet?"

"Not advisable till I've seen Fyle. No use in troubling her before her time, poor child! But I've had a little conversation with Mademoiselle Fanchon, who quite understands what she's got to do, and will be only too delighted to do it. The notion of a trip to Paris won her at once."

"Good girl that," observed Dick; "hates old Jeff like poison, too."

"Most women generally *do* manage to hate Mr. Marsden, somehow," Rawdon responded. "Like most men. Well, Fanchon is all right, and will see about the baggage. She'll join us at Ashbridge under Fyle's escort, if the business is to be done to-night."

"And the way we arranged holds good?"

"Barring accidents, or any thing unforeseen in Fyle's report presently—yes. There's some one riding into the yard now. He's come back, I dare say."

The Major pushed open the door and looked out.

"I thought so, Dick," he said. "Here he is."

A man in a groom's undress, with "soldier" stamped upon him unmistakably, was swinging himself off his horse and bawling for Mr. Spavin.

"Here, Fyle!" Rawdon called as the ancient hostler came shivering and shambling out of the warm tap-room and took the Hussar's bridle. Mr. Fyle turned, made his appearance in Lucia's loose-box the next minute, and subsequently, his soldier-like report. The line would be clear enough of snow, the Ashbridge station-master had told him, by an early hour the next morning to admit of an attempt, at all events, being made to get the long-delayed Paris mail through to Dover, supposing, of course, no fresh fall took place, and no wind came on to occasion a fresh drift. The mail was expected, in such case, to reach Ashbridge about 4 A.M., and Mr. Fyle had taken upon himself to secure a compartment for his master. Below Ashbridge the rails were reported free; so that if the train got as far as that station there was no likelihood of its being blocked up again further on.

On this Mr. Fyle had certain orders given him; and then Rawdon Daringham, Major of "Ours," and his friend, Dick Jocelyn the Guardsman, walked, talking rather earnestly together, through the straggling street of the little Kentish village, where the last red rays of the wintry afternoon sun were gleaming on frosted window-panes, and so through the lower lodge-gates and the long avenue of snow-draped elms back to Dane Court.

Ex-private John Fyle watched them a brief while, stroking his mustache as he had seen his master stroke his.

"Ah!" he thought aloud, as he turned away; "that's the Major's little game, is it? And a very pretty little game, too!"

II.—SEULE À SEULE.

"HILDA! You love him?"

"Oh, Helen!"

Miss Jocelyn's confession in two words, made with such a piteous little sigh, such a tell-tale hiding of a blush-rose face in her confessor's lap! The said confessor looked grave, but stroked the penitent's fair hair fondly and forgivingly enough, notwithstanding.

Then there was silence for a space in that little chamber where the cousins sat that wintry gloaming over the log-fire. Cousin Helen's room, they called it at Dane Court. It looked over the lawn upon the park and the great elms of the Long Avenue; up which Dick Jocelyn and his friend were walking just then, after their visit to Lucia's loose-box.

It was of one of these two out there in the snow that Helen Carew and Hilda Jocelyn had been talking for the last half-hour. Till their talk had ended in that last question and answer we have overheard. It began again, of course, in a minute or two. Naturally it couldn't be let to die there.

"My poor darling!" Helen said, bending over the golden head nestling in the folds of her dress. "Since when?"

"Always, I think. Always, since that first night I saw him. Oh, Nell! I couldn't help it." As though the child anticipated rebuke, and were trying to deprecate it.

But the other hadn't, apparently, the heart to be hard with the criminal. Nay, she bent over her pet closer, and put her hands under the criminal's cheek and chin, and lifted up the flushed, tear-stained little face, and kissed it. That kiss was absolution in full. Hilda felt that; so the tears fell faster. Helen let them have their way a while before she said:

"That was six months ago, Mignonne. I remember; at that ball at Princes Gate. Dick brought him there. Just after you had let them tie you to the other it must have been. Oh, Hilda, why did you ever let them?"

As if Mignonne had ever had a chance against mamma! That match between her daughter and Jeffrey Marsden, the City banker, had been a pet project of Lady Hope's always; it was so likely any objection on the child's part to the arrangement would have carried weight! My lady's word, as she proclaimed to all the world, was law; Hilda had never in all her life dared dream of disobedience. As she told her confessor now.

"What could I do?" she pleaded. "Mamma said I was to take him; and he asked me—oh, Nell! his cold, hard voice made me shiver!—and I did as I was told. And then *he* came—Rawdon. And then I knew what I had done. We went away to Homburg, mamma and I; and I tried not to think about him. It was no use, Nell. He came to Homburg, too, with Dick. Mamma was terribly angry with me because he did. And I deserved it, for I was so happy! He never said a word to me any body mightn't have heard; but I thought—but I *knew* he cared for me before we went away. I don't know whether Mr. Marsden fancied any thing; but in his icy way I know he hated him. Mamma said cruel things to me about him. I didn't mind; I was so happy—happy in such a strange, painful way, dear!—to think he cared for me, my brave, strong Rawdon! Then we came home. Oh, Nell! I thought I should have died that night I said good-by to him—the last night I should ever see him, perhaps! We came home. I think if I hadn't got ill, and you hadn't come down here to nurse me and fight for me, mamma would have had me married to Mr. Marsden in the autumn. As it was, I got a respite till now. And now I can't do it! I won't do it!" poor Hilda sobbed out.

The elder girl's soft voice and loving hands soothed her tenderly.

"I begin to think you mustn't, Mignonne," Helen said. "And if you mustn't, you sha'n't! But let me hear the end of it. How came Major Daringham down here this Christmas?"

Mignonne smiled through her tears.

"Dick brought him again," she answered. "Dear old Dick! He's been so good to me, in his quiet, cool fashion, all through. I think he and Rawdon are bosom-friends, you know, like you and me. They've no secrets from each other; and—"

"I see!" Helen nodded. "And, moreover, Dick detests the Crœsus. Yes; I quite understand."

"And you know," Hilda went on, "mamma never quarrels with him, somehow; and Dane Court really belongs to him. So when she found Rawdon in the drawing-room one day, just before you came back, dressed for dinner, and Dick told her he'd brought him down for the shooting, why, she had to accept the situation. Only she wrote off to Mr. Marsden, I think, to come down too, a fortnight sooner than had been arranged. And before he came—"

Mignonne made pause here. The fair little face paled and flushed; the golden head began to droop again. It was clear enough to Miss Carew what had happened before Jeff Marsden came.

"He spoke to you? You let him, Mignonne?"

"Let him! Do you think I could stop him, Helen? I hadn't the power—nor the will, perhaps. Yes, he did speak to me; he did tell me he loved me! And I listened to him."

She lifted her head up with a sudden, proud little gesture, and looked her questioner fairly in the eyes.

"I listened to him," she went on; "listened to every word that made me thrill, and shiver, and grow faint—to every low, passionate word he spoke, as you would never think his voice could speak. He loved me, my own! His own lips were telling me so; how could I not listen? I was his, he said; no other man's. His own—was it not so? Ah! he had no need to ask. I *was* his! I *am* his; not this other man's."

Passion transformed the child's face so that there was upon it something of my lady's "determined" look while she spoke those last words.

"You can never be the other man's now, Mignonne," Helen said, presently, when the Major's wooing had been circumstantially described, and there were no more questions to be asked. "But you must tell Aunt Hope what has happened."

"Tell mamma? I daren't, Helen. She's set her heart on my marrying her Crœsus. And, besides, she can't bear Rawdon."

"For all that, if you don't tell her, Rawdon must; or I. I'm not afraid of her."

"But Rawdon says she mustn't be told yet. Nor Mr. Marsden."

"Yet? Have you forgotten what this day fortnight was to have been?" Mignonne gave a little shudder. "You would have been Mrs. Marsden by this time, poor child! He thinks you are to be, still. He's a right to think so, Hilda, till you tell him you've changed your mind. And you must tell him."

Hilda shook her head.

"Don says no!" she replied, dutifully. "He says mamma is too strong against us as it is."

"What *are* you going to do, then?" Miss Carew asked, rather impatiently.

"Whatever Don tells me, dear," Mignonne said. "I leave it all to him."

"I must have a little talk with this autocratic Don," Helen said to herself.

There came a knock at the door.

"May I come in, Helen?" Dick Jocelyn's voice asked.

"Of course," Helen answered; and Dick entered.

He went straight up to the log-fire and stirred it into a blaze. Then he leaned tranquilly against the low mantle-piece and warmed himself.

"Cold, ain't it?" he said. "Come in to tell you we've arranged about the sledges for to-night. Don will drive one of you; and I the other. I've told my lady about it."

"What did she say?" questioned Helen, glancing at Hilda.

"Objected, of course. She always objects, you know. However, I managed to convince her that she couldn't get more than four people into the carriage—herself, old Jeff, and the two Pierrepoint women. She couldn't very well offer to send *them* in a sledge; besides, Don and I wouldn't have 'em at any price. We don't mind driving you two. I told my lady so."

"On n'est plus flatteur, Monsieur!"

"No, is one? Well, my lady suggested the carriage should come back for you. I said she might think herself lucky if it got her to the Boodles' on a night like this, with the snow drifted a dozen feet deep, at all. Then she wouldn't go. Needn't, I told her; but *we* meant to go. You should have seen old Jeff's face when I said that, Hilda, for the fun of the thing! And, besides, what would the Boodles think if she stopped away, when they came to her with four horses and a snow-plow? At last she dropped into my plan. You and Hilda are to be sleighed over. Old Jeff, it seems, has more confidence in my skill than in Don's; so I'm to take Mignonne, and you'll have to trust yourself to him."

"Oh!" remarked Helen, seeing an opportunity for her little tale.

"Yes," Dick returned. "Crumple your ball-dresses a bit the buffalo-robes will; but it's the only way of getting there to-night, I do believe. Suppose you want to go?"

"Yes, of course!" both girls cried, quickly.

"All right, then. Start at ten. Don's had a mare he had in Canada sent over from the Barracks expressly for the occasion; and it's a splendid night."

Dick moved away from the mantle-piece as if he were going. Instead of that, however, he dropped into a chair, as though the unwonted eloquence he had indulged in had knocked him up. He smoothed Hilda's golden hair rather more fondly than usual, too, as he said:

"Go and get me a rose-bud for my coat out of the conservatory, Mignonne, will you?"

She looked up at him inquiringly. He drew her head closer, and whispered in her ear. A stage whisper, though; Helen heard what he said.

"Don's there, darling! My lady's dressing; so are the other women; and old Jeff's writing in the library for his life to save the post. Don wants to speak to you."

She gave a little cry, and ran out of the room.

"Dick!" Helen said, reproachfully.

"Pooh!" returned that individual. "Hasn't she been telling you all about it? Thought so. And you don't suppose I'm going to let her marry that gray old icicle, Jeff Marsden, do you? I'd have stopped that little game of my lady's at first if I'd been on the spot. I'm going to stop it now. Awful fun, it 'll be!"

"What do you mean?"

"Going to tell you. You're a sensible girl, Helen, and worth the trouble. Sit down and listen."

Miss Carew sat down, and did listen. Dick began to unfold a conspiracy. When the dressing-bell rang Mignonne hadn't come back, and Dick was talking away still.

III.—THE BOODLES' BALL.

"I THINK it a most objectionable proceeding, and I repeat that it is my wish that you do not go!"

He who spoke was a grim, gaunt, grizzled personage, with a voice that grated on your nerves like a hand-saw; with thin, bloodless lips and freezing steel-blue eyes; clothed in severe evening dress; in a choking collar and a creaking cravat, and a decidedly bad temper. He was Jeffrey Marsden, banker, of Lombard Street and Roehampton; and, having managed to catch her alone for five minutes in the Dane Court drawing-room before the expedition started for the Boodles' ball, he was haranguing the fair-haired child whom he counted on having in another fortnight undisputed right to harangue for the rest of her natural life, in his most autocratic manner, though with hardly the same effect as usual.

Hilda stood where he had stopped her, rather pale, and with her little gloved hands clasped tight upon each other; but neither trembling nor submissive.

"My wish, my *request*, that you give up this ball, under the circumstances!" ennunciated the Crœsus, after an emphatic pause, and setting down his empty coffee-cup.

"Give up this ball?" Hilda repeated—and he was vaguely conscious that she spoke in a different way somehow to her usual one toward himself—"Why?"

Marsden looked at her over the creaking cravat as one who finds a difficulty in understanding what he hears, or fancies he can scarcely hear aright.

"I beg your pardon," he said in his most icily-rasping tone; "you asked me—?"

"I asked you why I should give up this ball?"

She met his hard eyes quite steadily. He looked at her in real surprise.

"Did you not hear me say it was my wish, my request? You can require no better reason."

"A plainer one, at all events."

"Hilda!"

He had never called her by her name half a dozen times in his life; he was only startled into doing so now. What had come to her that she dared speak in this way; dared meet his rebuking glance so—yes, so defiantly? He must put an end to this once for all.

His thin lips shut close together once or twice. Then he said, with his most offensively authoritative air:

"You oblige me to lay my commands upon you not to go."

He was preparing to stalk gravely to a chair or out of the room, when she spoke again, still in that same changed voice.

"You have no right to do that!" Hilda said.

"No right?" he repeated, mechanically.

"No. No right to 'command' me not to go. No right to 'command' me at all. No right to speak to me as you do speak. No right to tell me at the last moment that I am not to go to-night, for no better reason than to parade your authority over me—an authority to which you have no right either."

He turned very white, but stood speechless. She went on.

"An authority you claim, I know, but which you have done nothing to gain. What have you ever been at the pains to win from me? And now you 'command' me! It is too late!"

Flat rebellion this, beyond question. Fool that he was to try and crush it with the heavy hand as he thought he could do!

"Enough, if you please!" he said, with what he flattered himself was irresistible severity; "I can listen to no more of this. Once more, and for the last time, I distinctly and formally forbid your going to this ball to-night. Be good enough to let that suffice."

How little he knew what he was really doing at that moment! Couldn't he almost see, though, in the face she turned toward him?

"It shall suffice!" she said. "Distinctly and formally I refuse to be forbidden. For the last time, as you say."

Before he could find his voice again there came a sound of other voices from beyond the *portières*. The other women had come down. This pleasant little *tête-à-tête* was going to be interrupted. And she had defied him! This penniless child he thought he had broken so thoroughly to his hand had defied him, Jeffrey Marsden, the millionaire, who had actually condescended to ask her to be his wife! What did it mean? What could have come to her? And what was he to do? She had set his express commands at naught; she evidently was determined to have her own way and go.

His cold blood ran almost warm under the sense of his defeat. But he was so utterly taken by surprise that he could only mutter awkwardly enough something about "Lady Hope" and "to-morrow" before the others were in the room. To-morrow! He remembered afterward the smile that crossed the girl's pale face when he talked of that.

"What's been the matter, Mignonne?" Helen whispered as she came up to Hilda by the fire, and Marsden stalked away stridently in his varnished boots. "Have you told him?"

Hilda shook her head.

"He has been telling me that I wasn't to go to-night, that's all," she answered. "Ordered me not to go. And, as he said, for the last time!"

"Now then!" Dick Jocelyn broke in, "come and be wrapped up, you two. Lady Jocelyn's carriage stops the way. Perhaps you'll give my lady your arm, Marsden. Don and I will see after the girls."

"Really, Richard," began that "faded beauty of the baths," Lady Hope, "I think they'd better let the carriage come back for them!"

"Wait till it gets there first, *chère tante!* You don't know what the roads are like to-night. Better let us come back for you. But don't keep the horses standing if you mean to go, I advise you. Now, Marsden, look alive, will you?" the irreverent youth went on. "Ah! here's Don, in his Canadian get-up."

Rawdon came in with a fur pelisse over his ball-dress, and another over his arm.

"I think this won't crush you very much, Miss Jocelyn," he said, in his tranquil way, going straight up to Hilda; "it's very warm, and very light. Let me put it on for you." He wrapped the glossy seal-skins about her tenderly, under Marsden's hostile eyes and my lady's.

The Lombard Street plutocrat cared as much, I verily believe, for the girl as he could care for any thing but himself; though to "form" her for his wife he had, in his eternal self-assertion, tyrannized over her till she simply hated him; and, seeing another perform what should have been his duty—watching her face when she met Rawdon's look—a feeling of simple dislike he had always been conscious of for the Sabreur grew sharply into a stronger, and to him a very strange one—jealousy. Yes; Jeffrey Marsden hated the man jealously now. Was it he who had undermined his authority over his future wife? Did he actually dare to—

He tries to stifle *that* half-formed thought his overweening pride revolted at so angrily.

"But there shall be no more of this!" he said to himself as he led Lady Hope out to the carriage. The Pierrepoint women and the other four followed.

Dick was right about the night; it *was* splendid. Clear, calm, moonlit, with the thermometer down a dozen degrees below zero. A sparkling snow mantle covered the deer-park and the hills beyond; feather flakes of snow draped every tree. Just the night for a sleigh-drive, as Dick remarked.

The two sleighs were waiting just behind my lady's family ark of a carriage. Lucia's silver collar bells rang out musically as the mare tossed her head and snorted, hearing her master's voice.

"Keep close to us, Richard," my lady said, as she settled herself in her corner; "and take care of Hilda, mind!" The family ark moved on a little, and then waited till the others were ready.

Dick Jocelyn lifted his charge in his strong arms, and carried her down the steps to her place in his own sleigh, and rolled the great buffalo-robe round her. Miss Carew followed, on the foot-cloth, under Don's escort.

"All right?" Dick inquired, taking his reins.

"All right!" came from the rear.

"Go on, Johnson!" And the expedition started.

The great ark lumbered along, with a tortoise-like deliberation; the two sleighs slid smoothly after. Down the Long Avenue, through the Lodge gates, out into the iron-bound road, with a wall of snow a dozen feet high on either side, stretching and winding away yonder like a narrow white ribbon.

In the ark the Pierrepoint women did all the talking; my lady was sulky with cold, and Marsden sulky with wrath.

"Well, Mignonne!" Dick said presently to his silent companion; "it's all settled, ain't it?"

"Oh, Dick," she whispered out of her furs, "how *can* I?"

"You *will* though," was the wise youth's mental reply.

"And so, my dear Miss Carew," was how Don finished a long answer to certain objections—urged, half of them, it must be confessed, merely *pro forma*—which Helen had raised. "And so I really don't see what else we are to do. Do you now? Hilda's no chance with my lady if she stays here; nor have I. They'll marry her to this—this man, Marsden. Think what that would be for both of us! My plan saves us both. Every thing's arranged. If she says yes, you won't say no?"

I don't think Miss Carew did.

In due time the Dane Court expedition arrived at Boodle Park.

IV.—"NUMBER NINETEEN."

THREE A.M. The Boodles' ball began to manifest symptoms of dissolution. Paterfamilias, with a ten or fifteen mile drive before him through cross-country roads where the snow was up to his horses' withers in places, began to growl and look at his watch; Materfamilias, supped and sleepy, began to cluck impatiently to gather her brood round her out of the *mêlée*. The circle was getting freer, and the pace too. The band of the "County Crushers," rather wild and uncertain in its *tempo*, had just commenced attacking the last valse, number nineteen.

Rawdon and Dick Jocelyn were standing together near the doorway. Marsden had that moment stalked out between them. They could hear him asking about Lady Hope's carriage in the hall; my lady was going.

"Ain't much time to lose, Don," Dick said in the other's ear; "my lady'll carry her off directly. Better go and get your valse, hadn't you? She's looking for you, you know."

Hilda was looking for him, as, pale with some unusual excitement, she stood beside my lady, with her trembling little hand clinging secretly to Helen's. The three were at the upper end of the room, where Marsden had left them to order up the ark; and couldn't see Don in the doorway.

"Time enough," the latter replied, coolly, to Dick's suggestion; "I'm waiting for—ah! here it is—a dispatch from Fyle."

A servant gave him an envelope, sealed, and with his name scrawled upon it in pencil.

"Boy's just brought this for you from Ashbridge, Sir." George explained: "You were to have it immediate, he said."

"All right."

Don tore open the missive, glanced at the single line in Fyle's writing it contained, and passed it to Dick.

"Baggage and us is here," wrote Mr. Fyle; "line clear—mail expected at four."

"Admirable!" Dick ejaculated, grinning. "'Us' means Fanchon and himself, I suppose. But you must look sharp, old man. It's three now."

"I know. But Lucia will do the five miles in less than twenty minutes; and I don't want to have to wait at Ashbridge, you understand. Now, look here—you have the sleigh all ready at the half hour. At five-and-twenty past, just show yourself here in this doorway. I shall be waltzing with her, and looking out for you. When I see you I'll stop, and get her out of the room in the general scrimmage without being noticed. Then on with those seal-skin swaddling-clothes; into the sleigh; and—*fouette cocher!* We ought to be half-way to Calais before any one but you and Miss Carew's the wiser. Understand?"

"All right!" Dick nodded. "But, I say, Don, she won't hang back at the last moment, eh? It's now or never for you, you know. You won't get a chance like this again. And women are queer cattle."

"I don't think she will," Rawdon said, looking up the room toward her. "She might under other circumstances, perhaps; but not now. Marsden has managed matters too well for that. The pompous bully would drive a woman to any thing. He was hectoring her about coming here to-night before we started, just as if she didn't hate him already! The man's been playing my game all through; my last move will checkmate him. It's time to play it. You've ten minutes to see to the sleigh; and I to dance number nineteen. Go along, old boy!"

"'Now tread me a measure, quoth young Lochinvar,'" hummed Dick, as he turned to go. "Wonder whether he's ever heard of that song, old—? Ah! beg your pardon, Marsden," he ejaculated with unwonted civility, as he ran against the Crœsus, returning from his hunt for Lady Hope's carriage. "Hope I didn't hurt you? All right, Don!"

And the Guardsman moved off to fulfill his part in the plot, chuckling at intervals over old Jeff's approaching discomfiture. Rawdon went straight toward Hilda. Marsden followed.

"Well, dear," Helen whispered in her cousin's ear rather anxiously, "will you?"

A pressure of the hand she clung to was all the other's answer. Then Helen felt her start nervously, and saw her turn pale, and then flush feverishly. She had caught sight of Don making his way round the outside of the circle to where they three were still standing. Miss Carew's own pulse quickened sharply. The decisive moment was all but come.

"Where *can* Mr. Marsden be?" snapped Lady Hope, querulously. "What a time he is, seeing about the carriage! Ah! there he is, at last."

There he was, close behind Rawdon; whom Lady Hope overlooked till she heard him speaking to Hilda.

"Number nineteen," Don was saying; "*our* valse, you know, Miss Jocelyn."

Poor child! How much those quiet, commonplace words meant to her! The crisis had arrived. If she took his arm now she gave consent to that plan for saving her he had proposed. If she refused it—what was left to her?

"You had better let me take you to the cloak-room, I think," rasped Marsden's saw of a voice, wonderfully *à propos;* "the carriage will be ready directly, I believe," it added, as the speaker turned to my lady.

"Then we had better go," Lady Hope assented. "Will you take Hilda?"

This was pointedly at Rawdon, who showed no signs of giving way. Marsden advanced a little. It was with his most insufferable air of proprietorship that he thought fit to say—

"Excuse me, Major Daringham. Now, Hilda, come!" And he put his arm out stiffly for her to take.

As Don had said, the man couldn't help playing his opponent's game. That *tête-à-tête* in the drawing-room at Dane Court just now, even, hadn't taught him better than to take this tone to the girl a second time that night. He fancied, perhaps, that with my lady to back him, she must submit to him this time, and give him a pleasant triumph over the man he hated. So his tone and manner toward her were simply unbearable. If she ever had hesitated, hesitation was past now. If he ever could have kept her, he had lost her in that moment. She lifted her head; her eyes met Don's; and Don read her decision plainly in them.

A light came suddenly into his; but it was in his usual impassible fashion that he struck in, sure of winning now.

"Afraid I can't forego my engagement, and lose number nineteen, if Miss Jocelyn decides for me," he said. "I don't think the carriage can get up for ten minutes or so, you know, Lady Hope," he added, blandly; "and so—"

"Excuse me," Marsden said, with his severest, iciest hauteur; "but Miss Jocelyn really can not—"

Hilda put her hand on Rawdon's arm at the "can not."

"I decide for number nineteen, at all events," she answered, just in the way she had answered him before the ball. The child's blue eyes looked at him again in that defiant way that had so angered him then. Marsden bit his thin lips, and looked at my lady. My lady looked fairly astonished for once.

"Really, Hilda—" she was beginning in her "punishment" tone.

Hilda shook her head.

"I have promised, mamma. It is too late."

Then a quick whisper in Helen's ear: "Good-by, darling Nell!" And before the others could speak again Rawdon had carried her off.

"My own Hilda now?" he said to her when his arms were round her in that last valse. "You will trust yourself to me, darling?"

"Oh! Don, take me away!" she answered, passionately. "Take me away from him. Any where with you!"

He made no reply, in words; and she had no more to tell him after that.

Round and round they swept; past my lady's angry eyes, and Marsden's scowling face, again and again. Each time they went by the doorway Rawdon looked for Dick Jocelyn's signal that all was ready for the raid. At last, Dick appeared.

"Now for it!" muttered Don. He checked his partner, and brought her up close to where Jocelyn was waiting. It was a trying moment; fortunately it was *but* a moment. All passed so quickly that poor trembling little Hilda had no time to break down.

Rawdon got her through the little crowd near the door without notice. Then she was in the hall, and Dick was wrapping the furs about her.

"Good-by, my pet!" he said to her, rather touched at the sight of her white, wistful face: "Good-by, Mignonne! Take care of her, Don!"

Then she was going down the steps into the icy air, holding Don's arm. Out of the ruck of carriages the sleigh and Lucia were waiting. Then Don, muffled in his pelisse, was lifting her into her seat; then Lucia (without her silver *grelots* this time) was whirling her swiftly down the frozen drive; and Daringham of "Ours" had fairly carried off old Marsden's *fiancée*. Dick, on the steps, turned to his own man, who, suspecting nothing, was watching Rawdon's raid, mechanically.

"You'd better get my sleigh up, Tom," he remarked; "we shall all be starting directly. Well! it's done," he soliloquized, as the man went off on his errand; "I'm devilish glad of it. She'll be now happy with Don; and old Jeff will be—"

"Richard!" my lady's voice said sharply behind him, as he crossed the hall. "Where's Hilda?"

There stood my lady and Marsden; Helen, looking about her anxiously, a little in the rear.

"Miss Jocelyn passed through the hall this moment," Marsden added. "You must have seen her; and—and—Major Daringham."

The last words seemed to choke him.

"Yes," Dick nodded; "I saw 'em all right."

"Where are they, then?" Lady Hope snapped. "I can't find Hilda in the cloak-room. They say she's not been there. Where can they be?"

Dick faced the two, stroking his mustache calmly, but with an odd twinkle in his eyes.

V.—"YOUNG LOCHINVAR."

"GONE!"

The same word from all three, but in very different keys.

"Really—" began Marsden with a portentous severity that hugely amused Dick. The plutocrat didn't understand. My lady, with the *clairvoyance* of a woman of the world, and out of certain half-formed suspicions of her own, understood every thing in a moment. She glanced round her first to see that no one was within hearing; then she said in savage *staccato* to her nephew—

"I'll never forgive you for this, Sir, as long as I live."

"Dear me, *chère tante!* What have I done?" returned the guileless youth, not quite certain whether, as he expressed it, "my lady was fly to all the little game yet."

She wasted no time on him. Her hand grasped Marsden's arm with an energy that startled that emotionless man. Emotionless though no longer; for her words startled him even more.

"Don't you see?" my lady was whispering impatiently. "She's gone—with him. They've eloped! Now listen!"—for he stared at her as though she had suddenly gone mad. He really thought she had. What! His promised wife dare so far forget what was due to *him* as to elope!

"Listen!" Lady Hope repeated, actually shaking him in her impatience. "This must be prevented. They must be overtaken—stopped! At any risk; at once! You must do it."

"I?" Jeffrey Marsden gasped.

"You. Who else is there? Richard is in the plot. In another hour it may be too late. Quick, man! quick!"

He was beginning, electrified by this languid woman's fierce, unwonted energy, to understand now. He had been robbed; and by the man he hated most. For the second or third time that night the snow-water in his veins ran almost warm. She saw his face change.

"Will you go? To save her—to defeat him, remember! There may be time yet."

"Yes!" he muttered between his blanched, lean lips; "you're right. There may be time yet; and if I overtake him—I'll go! But how?—where?"

She had thought of every thing, this clever Lady Hope, omniscient almost in her self-interest.

"The other sledge!" she answered; "it's ready down there, by this time. Didn't you hear him order it? Follow the track. They have gone to Ashbridge, I am nearly sure. There is no train yet; you *must* prevent this! But don't waste time! You have your coat and hat!—Quick!"

"Never fear!" he returned; and the blanched lips were actually guilty of an oath; "I'll do it!"

"THE SPEED AT WHICH THEY TORE ALONG ALMOST TOOK HILDA'S BREATH AWAY."

He flung his coat about him and hurried through the inner glass doors out on to the steps.

Dick, explaining matters to Helen *sotto voce*, had kept an eye on him all the time.

"Let *me* see about the carriage, Aunt Hope!" he observed. "Poor dear old Jeff will catch his death of cold if you trot him about on a night like this."

He moved away in pursuit; though rather wondering what Jeff could possibly do, you know, after all.

Lady Hope caught him just as he was pushing open the doors that Marsden had just swung back. Through them he saw the latter rush down the steps, and leap (actually leap!) into his (Jocelyn's) sleigh, in readiness, as my lady had foreseen, below; saw the horse plunge and spring forward under the whip; saw his man get knocked backward and loose his hold on the reins, and Jeffrey Marsden drive furiously off and disappear.

"Oh! by Jove! you know—" Dick began.

Lady Hope stopped him.

"Silence, Sir!" she said; "do you want all the world to know this? *I* sent him to stop them. And he will."

"Will he?" thought Dick; "he'll probably break his own neck in the first five minutes, that's all!" Then the thought of Jeffrey Marsden driving a sleigh about the country in the dead of night, and coming to frightful grief against a gate-post or in a side-drift, caused Ensign and Lieutenant Richard Jocelyn to laugh aloud.

"Take us to the carriage, Sir!" his relative said, majestically; "whatever happens, we had better not stay here."

They were all back again at Dane Court when they heard what had happened.

Swiftly and smoothly, flinging up a little shower of snow spray, and leaving a straight track behind it that did credit to Don's steering; faster and faster, as Lucia warmed to her work, between the high snow walls on either hand, the sleigh that carried La Mignonne and her Lochinvar whirled along the white solitary road that led straight to the Ashbridge Station, four or five miles off.

Muffled in her furs, and with the great buffalo-robe over all, Hilda lay back, only answering her lover's attempts to reassure her by a little sob now and then. The excitement of the last hour or two had been a little too much for the child.

"But it's all right now, darling!" Rawdon said presently, taking a pull at the mare as he topped the one long hill that lay between Boodle Park and Ashbridge—"it's all right now. We shall be at the D'Arbleys by dinner-time, comfortably. I've telegraphed to her to meet us at the Nord terminus. She's about the only relation I've got left; and, as she's fond of me, she'll simply worship you, you know! We've managed beautifully, haven't we? Got away and no one that matters the wiser! Jove! though, I should like to see the City man's face to-morrow—or rather *this* morning, when he discovers—Eh? what's that?"

He checked Lucia a moment and turned his head to listen. The ringing of *grelots* behind, plain enough. Round a slight bend came something dark against the snowy roadway at a furious rate after them. Another sleigh.

"Dick, perhaps!" Don muttered; "but no, he wouldn't come after us. Besides, he wouldn't yaw about so frightfully. That fellow's never driven a sleigh before, I should say!"

"Oh, Don!" Hilda suggested, nervously; "suppose it should be—"

"Marsden? By Jove, it is! My lady's found us out and sent him, I suppose, to bring us back dead or alive! What a joke, isn't it?"

Mignonne didn't seem to see it in that light at all. "For Heaven's sake, Don, don't let him overtake us! I couldn't bear to see him again!" she said.

"No chance of his overtaking us, Mignonne!" Don laughed. "Is there, Lucia?"

The mare tossed her head, and sprang away like an arrow, as the reins dropped on her back again. A hoarse cry came from the pursuing sledge. It was so close behind them now that they could see its occupant gesticulating vehemently; could hear him calling to them to stop—Marsden's voice, they both said.

"He'll break his neck directly!" Rawdon observed, with a grim sort of smile; "and we must leave him to it, I'm afraid!" He looked at his watch as he spoke. "Yes; we've no time to waste. *Allons!*"

The mare laid herself out fairly now. The speed at which they tore along almost took Hilda's breath away. They left the other sleigh as if it had been standing still.

They were on the high ground now. Straight before them, yonder, where the lights were twinkling, lay the Ashbridge Station; right and left the snow-mantled country could be seen for miles. Rawdon's eye ran along a thread-like dark track he knew where to look for—the line of rails down which the Paris mail was coming.

"She ought to be in sight, if they told Fyle the truth!" he muttered; "awkward if she's been blocked any where, now we've got this fellow behind us!"

Again his eye ran along the line of the embankment. It stood out well against the white back-ground; nothing was visible on it.

All this time Lucia's speed never slackened: they were close on the station now. Where was the mail?

He caught sight of something at last. A red light: a gleam of other lights, dull through frosty window-panes. Then the shriek of a whistle reached them. It was the Dover mail running into Ashbridge. Other eyes besides Don's had caught sight of it.—Again that cry to them to stop came from the other sleigh behind.—Don laughed.

"Rather a sell for him, you know! He'll come up just in time to see us start!" he remarked.

So it seemed, for they were passing through the gate of the station-yard almost as he spoke. It was a tall, heavy gate, usually held open by a catch, but on this occasion by a man muffled to the eyes—Mr. Fyle.

"All right, Sir!" that individual reported, as Don pulled up a moment. "The Frenchwoman is here with the baggage and the tickets; mail's signaled. You're just in time, Sir."

Don leaned forward and said a brief word in the man's ear. Mr. Fyle grinned.

"I'll take care, Sir," he returned. The sleigh moved on up the little incline to the station entrance. Mr. Fyle hurried the next moment up after it. Mademoiselle Fanchon rushed out to meet her mistress. The Dover mail ran alongside the platform.

Just at that moment the pursuing sleigh reached the gate of the yard. The pursuer shouted for some one to open it in vain. With an oath he leaped out and fumbled with frost-bitten fingers at the latch. In vain, too; the latch was immovable; Mr. Fyle perhaps best knew why. The pursuer saw the train run in, heard the doors slam as its passengers took their seats, heard the whistle sound for its departure. And this infernal gate wouldn't open! At last the undignified notion of climbing over struck him. He put it into immediate practice, slightly incommoded by the severely-strapped evening nether garments. It was a sight to see that tall gaunt figure *à cheval* upon a gate-bar!

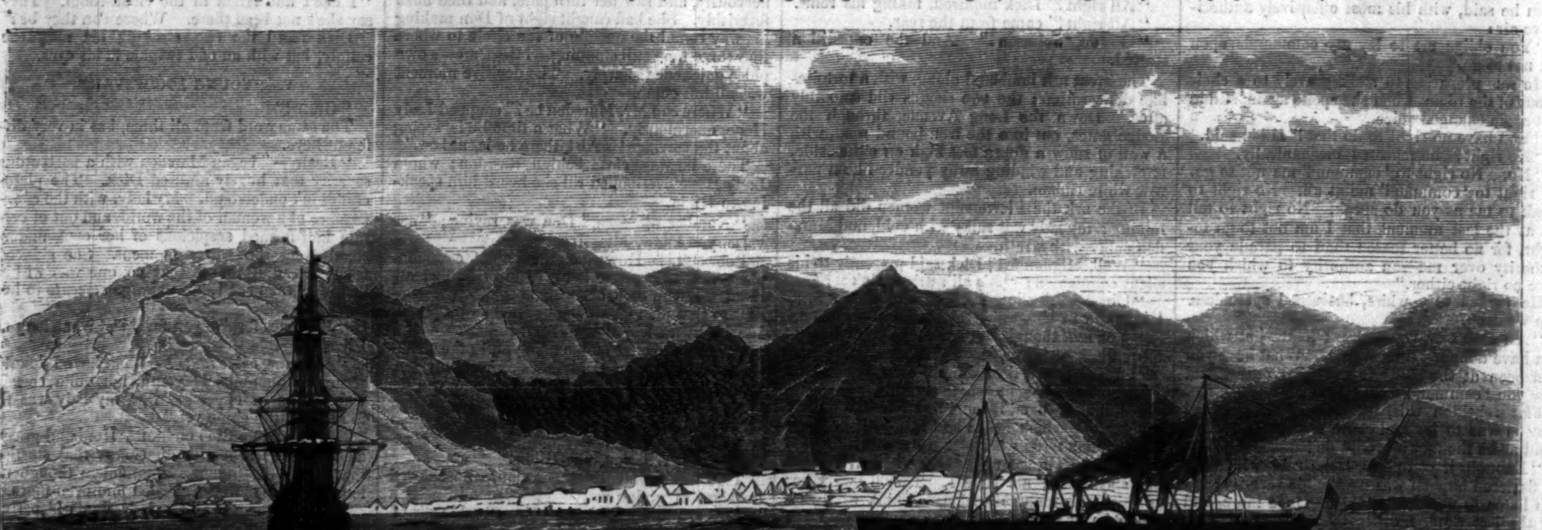
Just as it got there the train began to move slowly off.

"I'll telegraph though!" the figure muttered aloud with a vicious expletive, and preparing to descend on the other side. Not carefully enough, unfortunately. His foot slipped and turned awkwardly on the middle bar, and Jeffrey Marsden, Esq., came heavily to the ground with a badly-sprained ankle. Where Mr. Fyle presently found him.

The Paris mail reached its destination without mishap, and Don and his Mignonne got to the Avenue de l'Impératrice in capital time for dinner, as he had prophesied.

Two days afterward my lady—she has managed to survive her disappointment—read her daughter's marriage in the *Times*. So did Marsden, in bed with incipient rheumatic fever and a sprained ankle. So did Dick Jocelyn and Helen, lingering over their *tête-à-tête* breakfast in the Oak Parlor at Dane Court.

It was in that very room, by-the-by, that, in the snow-time last year, I heard from those same two people the story of RAWDON'S RAID!



THE CRETAN INSURRECTION—HARBOR OF CASTEL-SELINO BLOCKADED BY THE TURKS.—[SEE PAGE 71.]

THE HIGHLANDS OF BRAZIL—FORTNIGHTLY SLAVE MUSTER AT THE CASA GRANDE, MORRO VELHO.

THE HIGHLANDS OF BRAZIL.

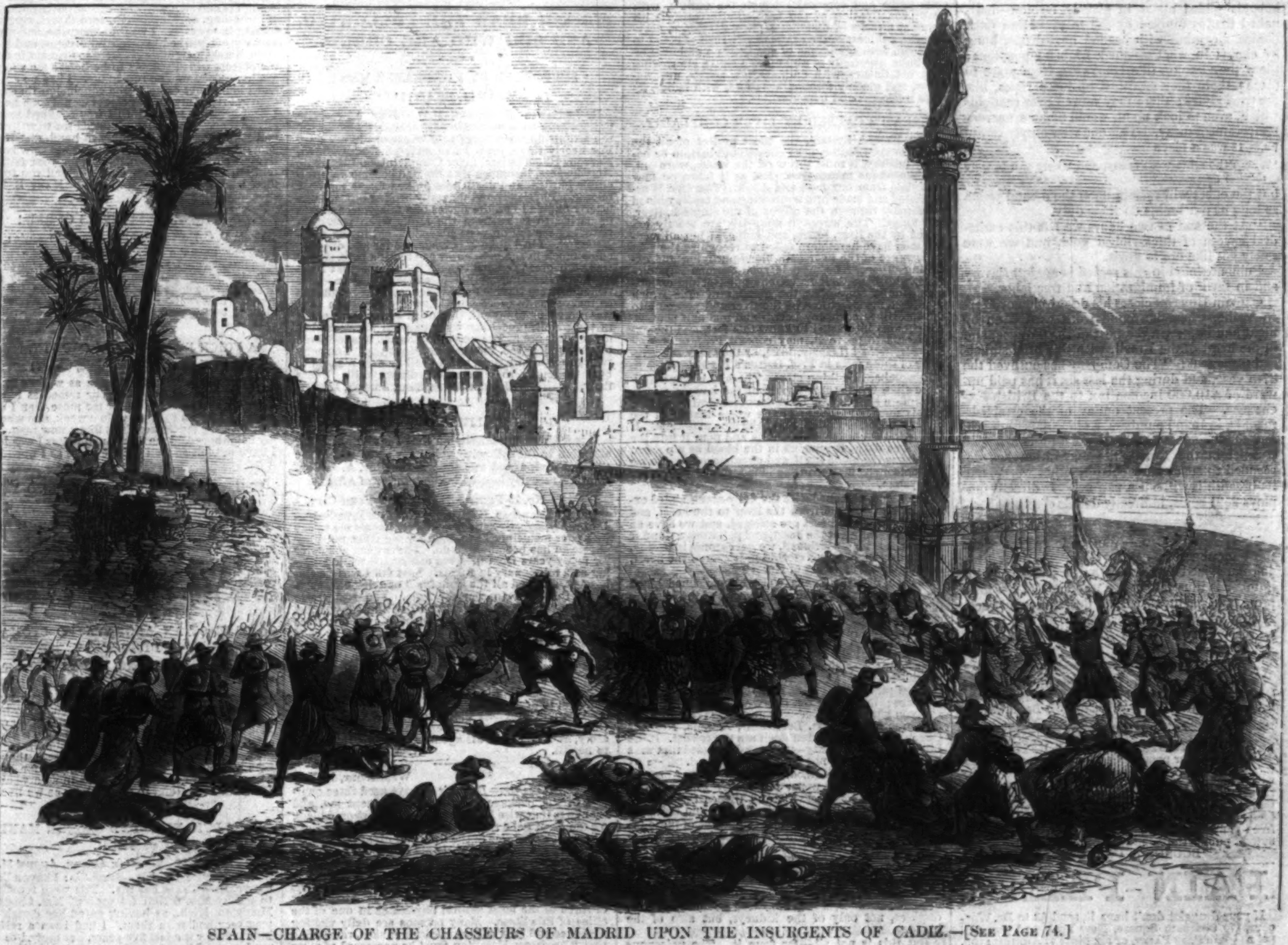
THE interior of Brazil—the newest empire on earth and the crude beginning of a mighty and magnificent nation—still remains almost a *terra incognita*. But Captain BURTON, the most enterprising and experienced of English travelers, has by his recent explorations opened up the interesting region of Minas Geraes and the valley of the San Francisco. This region, lying northward from Rio de Janeiro, Captain BURTON believes will become the seat of empire through the vastness of its wealth and the immense variety of its productions, which appear to comprise every thing which human beings require, beginning with salt and leaving off with diamonds.

At the beginning of his explorations every thing was favorable to the advance of external knowledge of the Brazil. The Rio de San Francisco and the Sweetwater Mediterranean farther north had been thrown open to the merchant-ships of all nations; the Minister of Agriculture and Public Works had dispatched a steamer to be put together on the upper course of the stream; the President of Minas (a country as large as all England, and as fertile) had granted to a Brazilian engineer a concession to *exploit* by steamer the tributary valley of the Rio das Velhas. In addition, an English surveyor was laying out a line of rails to connect the capital of the empire with the city of Sabará, the future St. Louis, thus linking to the southern Atlantic the water-way which receives a thousand streams, but now only drains 8800 square leagues of one province, and supports but two millions of population instead of twenty.

BURTON'S journey involved 500 miles of land traveling, which he calls his own and his wife's "holiday trip" to the gold mines of Central Minas Geraes, *via* Petropolis, Barbacena, and the Highlands of Brazil, and also a voyage of 1150 miles on a raft down the San Francisco. After the steamboat trip to Mauá, which is a constant revelation of beauty, there is railway for a while, and then by private conveyance the traveler reaches the maritime mountains, and gazes wonder-stricken at the colossal amphitheatre of the "Eastern Ghauts." The ascent is by a cunning winding way through seemingly impenetrable mazes, under the shade of the giants of a virgin forest, by the side of whole botanical gardens of air-plants and parasites. Thus on and on to the glorious Alto da Serra, 2900 feet above sea-level. The traveler from Rio to Juis de Fora sees Nature in the garb which she presents in Equatorial Africa and in the lowlands of Hindostan.

Our travelers have at length reached the province of Minas Geraes, and with the start for Barbacena they begin to feel the approach to the Highlands; the land rises, the receding woods become less dense; the cabbage-palms and other growths of the maritime range disappear. The air and soil are too cold for tea and coffee, but rice and maize are good, vegetables and tobacco flourish, every hut has its floor for drying beans, and in the bottom-lands cotton might be grown with advantage. Still up and up, past the Parahybuna River, animal life becoming more conspicuous; the brilliant tropical birds and the wonderful ants abounding.

At Barbacena the mining business begins to be visible, and "gold troops" are encountered from the Anglo Minas mines. Here BURTON breaks off into a masterly description of the "Campos" or Brazilian prairies. "The mornings and the evenings," he says, "are the perfection of climate; the nights are cool, clear, and serene, as in the Arabian Desert, without its sand. Nor are the prairies deficient in the highest beauties of form and tint. There is grandeur in the vast continuous expanse fading into the far distance. The eye can rest upon the scene for hours, especially when viewing it from an eminence, while it is checkered by the afternoon cloud, whose eclipse seems to come and go, as it walks over the ridged surface of the light green or pale golden earth-waves, upheaved in the intensely blue atmosphere of morning, or in the lovely pink tints of the 'afterglow' from the shadowy hollows and the tree-clumps blooming below. If we analyze the charm, its essence seems



SPAIN—CHARGE OF THE CHASSEURS OF MADRID UPON THE INSURGENTS OF CADIZ.—[SEE PAGE 74.]

to be the instability of the ocean where we know there is the solidity of earth."

From Barbacena the travelers struck out westward past several beautiful villages to Barroso, thence to San Jose del Rei, and then through the wilder and more wonderful serras to Alagoa Dourada, or the Golden Lake. Here preparations were going on for laying the railway which is to end the present "hideous waste of power" between the valleys of the Parahyba and the San Francisco.

After the ascent of the Serra de Santo Antonio a difficult and fatiguing march brought the travelers to the great gold mines of Morro Velho.

The most interesting portion of Captain BURTON'S work is that relating to the gold mines in Minas Geraes. He believes that the exploitation of gold and diamonds has but just commenced in this region. His description of life at Morro Velho is very entertaining. Brazil and the Spanish colonies are the only remaining footholds of slavery in Christian lands. In Brazil the treatment of the slaves, BURTON thinks, is very humane.

Our illustration on page 77 represents the "Revista," or muster of the blacks which takes place every second Sunday. BURTON does not believe that the negro belongs to the human race; but the worst he can say of the blacks at Morro Velho is that they have a tendency to lie in the sun, and smoke on Sunday afternoons. They go to church, and appear to have an unaccountable liking for their masters. They are not scrupulously moral or particularly healthy.

On the whole, life at Morro Velho, whether for white men and women or for black "chattels," appears to be a decidedly agreeable institution; and the scene which the travelers beheld "down the mine" was wonderful and interesting—not a little awful and deeply impressive when, the descent accomplished and the sight familiarized, the details were taken in, thus:

"The huge Palace of Darkness, dim in long perspective, wears a tremendous aspect; above us there seemed to be a sky without an atmosphere. The walls were either black as the grave or reflected slender rays of light glancing from the polished watery surface, or were broken into monstrous projections, half revealing and half concealing the cavernous, gloomy recesses. Despite the lamps, the night pressed upon us, as it were, with a weight; and the only measure of distance was a spark here and there, glimmering like a single star. Distinctly Dantesque was the gulf between the huge mountain sides, apparently threatening every moment to fall. Every thing, even the accents of a familiar voice, seemed changed; the ear was struck by the sharp click and dull thud of the hammer upon the boring-iron, and this upon the stone; each blow invariably struck so as to keep time with the wild chant of the borer. The other definite sounds, curiously complicated by an echo, which seemed to be within reach, were the slush of water on the subterranean path, the rattling of the gold stone thrown into the kibbles, and the crash of chain and bucket. Through this Inferno gnomes and kobolds glided about in ghostly fashion—half-naked figures muffled by the mist. Here dark bodies, gleaming with beaded heat-drops, hung by chains in what seemed frightful positions; there they swung, like LEOTARD, from place to place; there they swarmed up loose ropes, like the troglodytes; there they moved over scaffolds which, even to look up at, would make a nervous temperament dizzy. This one view amply repaid us. It was a place

'Where thoughts were many, and where words were few;'

but the effect will remain upon the mental retina as long as our brains do their duty.

"At the end of two hours we left this cathedral cavern of thick-ribbed gold, and we were safely got like ore to grass."

Public opinion in this region is against slavery and in favor of immigration and free labor.

Captain BURTON closes his description of Morro Velho, where he found work carried on by night and by day in the heat of the Tropics, and in the heart of the Brazil, with this brief statistical statement: "The Company has outlived the 37th year, and during the last six it has paid upward of £10,000 income tax to the British Exchequer. The present outlay of the establishment is, in round numbers, £146,000 per annum, and the income £230,000. As a mine it has no parallel in the Brazil, the excavation has descended to zones unreached by other works, and its breadth is without a parallel. It directly employs 2521 souls, indirectly double that number."

PRANG'S CHROMO.—We are in receipt of the third number of *Prang's Chromo*, a neat little journal issued by LOUIS PRANG, Boston. This number is illustrated with woodcuts of his most prominent pictures, with a description of each. A copy of either number of this journal mailed on receipt of stamp by L. PRANG & Co., Boston. —*Lawrence American*.

DYSPEPSIA TABLETS cure Indigestion, Heartburn, and Sour Stomach. Fifty Cents per Box. Mailed for 60c. Sold by druggists.—S. G. WELLING, 571 Broadway.

GRAND DUCHESS, BELLE HELENE, and fifteen other popular Operas, complete for Pianoforte Solo, with Overture and whole of music. Fifty Cents each. Complete Oratorios, and large collections of Vocal and Piano-forte Music, in Books, Fifty Cents each. The cheapest and most extensive catalogue of modern music in the world. Also, just ready, free to any address, Boosey & Co.'s Catalogue of their newest publications in full sheet or music-size form.
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PAIN PAINT.

If your druggist don't have it, send $5 to Dr. WOLCOTT, 170 Chatham Square, New York, and you will get a pint of PAIN PAINT, or six pints of ANNIHILATOR, free of express charges.

THE BEAUTIES AND MYSTERIES OF NATURE.

THE times are pregnant with startling events; old isms, theories, and fallacies are fast disappearing beneath the gigantic wheels of progression and human development. Change is written, with the iron finger of time, upon all matter, seen and unseen, material and spiritual. The mighty, omnipotent power that fashioned the stupendous orbs that revolve in the immensity of space, created all things in wisdom and purity. The majestic ocean, the deep blue sea, the beautiful earth and all things therein contained, were planned and created by virtue of that universal law of harmony whose power holds sway over all. Intelligence is manifested in all created things, both great and small—the tiny insect, the beautiful butterfly, and God-like man, are each endowed, according to their kind, with that instinct or intelligence ordained by Him who "doeth all things well."

Wisdom, justice, and love are the three great standard-bearers whose sumptuous hands mete out to each individuality the measure of Divine, universal law, designed by that mighty mind who fashioned alike noble man in his own image and all lesser created things. The beauties and wonders of nature never cease to the progressive human mind. Eternal progression is written with the unerring finger of Deity upon all. The theme of human life is laden with the sweet incense to all who, like angels of mercy and goodness, are ever busy, ever ready to devise means for the alleviation of human woe and the prolongation of life. The unceasing march of individual and national progress is alone due to the bold and fearless thinkers and actors upon the stage of mundane life. The stern exigencies that confront and imperil the gigantic minds of all countries can not awe or swerve them in the path of duty and power.

PROF. R. LEONIDAS HAMILTON, M.D.,

whose discoveries in reference to

LIVER, LUNG, AND BLOOD DISEASES

are now attracting the attention of the whole medical world, and whose success is carrying joy and restored health to thousands.

His well-attested cases of liver diseases, lung diseases, blood diseases, and diseases of the kidneys, bladder, spine, stomach, and other organs, are now well known all over the United States and Canada, the West Indies, Europe, Mexico, Sandwich Islands, and in many of the commercial and missionary settlements in every part of the world.

For the benefit of the sick who may wish to know positively when they have derangements of the Liver, of more or less severity, a combination of the usual symptoms found in such cases will be found below:

SYMPTOMS OF LIVER COMPLAINT.

A sallow or yellow color of the skin, or yellowish-brown spots on the face and other parts of the body; dullness and drowsiness, with frequent headache; bitter or bad taste in the mouth, dryness of the throat, and internal heat; palpitation of the heart; in many cases a dry, teazing cough, with sore throat; unsteady appetite; sour stomach, with a raising of the food, and a choking sensation in the throat; sickness and vomiting; distress, heaviness, or a bloated or full feeling about the stomach and sides, which is often attended with pains and tenderness; aggravating pains in the sides, back, or breast, and about the shoulders; colic pains and soreness through the bowels, with heat; constipation of the bowels, alternating with frequent attacks of diarrhœa; piles, flatulence, nervousness, coldness of the extremities; rush of blood to the head, with symptoms of apoplexy; numbness of the limbs, especially at night; cold chills, alternating with hot flushes, with dullness, low spirits, unsociability, and gloomy forebodings; and, with ladies, female weakness and irregularities.

DISEASES CAUSED BY LIVER COMPLAINT.

The Human System, the most perfect of all the works of the Creator, is so constituted that, to be entirely healthy, it must throw off the waste, worn-out, and poisonous materials as fast as it takes on new materials from our food and drink. The food is assimilated and made into nourishing and healthy blood principally through the offices of the stomach, liver, and lungs. The worn-out materials are mostly excreted by the liver, lungs, and kidneys; but all medical men have heretofore failed to recognize the vast importance of the liver as a blood-purifying and excreting organ. The most learned German physiologists, who base their assertions upon actual experiments only, state that the amount of BILE which should be manufactured by the liver and poured into the intestines each day is two and one half pounds. All persons interested to know this fact, and the experiments to prove it, may consult *Verdaungssaefte und Stoffwechsel* (Leipzig, 1852), or they may see a *resume* of these facts in Prof. Dalton's *Physiology*.

Remember one thing more: The bile is something more than the natural physic of the bowels, as has heretofore been taught by eminent medical men. The bile is mostly made up of the waste matter of the blood—effete, worn-out, and injurious materials. If the liver does not make this bile and pour it into the intestines daily, it remains in the blood as a poison. It poisons the blood itself, and circulates, as irritating and poisonous matter in the blood, to every organ in the system.

The blood, poisoned with the daily-accumulated excess of bile, returns from the liver to the heart, and the nerves of the heart are affected, and we have an oppressed feeling at the heart, and palpitation; and if this cause is long continued, we get chronic irritation, undue excitement, and morbid nutrition of the heart, developing many forms of Heart Disease.

Just so with the LUNGS. The bile-poisoned blood goes from the upper and right cavity of the heart to the lower cavity, and thence directly to the lungs, circulating all through those most delicate organs. The lung tissues are poisoned and irritated, and they invite the scrofulous humors of the blood because they are thus irritated. Hence Consumption, which is local scrofula, so defined and proved by *Lugol* and all the most scientific authors. The lungs try to oxygenize and purify the blood, and they do it in a great measure; but they are overworked and irritated, and you smell the blood-poison matters in the man's foul breath. Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma, Nervous Cough, and Consumption itself are the results. If the Liver had done its duty—made and excreted that BILE—the Lungs would not have been diseased.

Just so with the BLOOD itself. It goes from the lungs back to the upper left cavity of the heart, thence to the lower cavity, and thence through the arteries and capillaries to every organ and tissue of the system. Among the most important of these organs are the kidneys, furnishing the urinary secretion a most important excretion. But the kidneys themselves are irritated and congested by the presence of the bile-poisoned blood, and they become diseased. Every person who has had a liver disease knows that the urine is scanty, high-colored, and loaded with red deposits, at times, or other diseased products. Hence, diseases, not only of the kidneys, but also of the bladder.

But this is not all—far from it. The poisonous blood goes to the BRAIN, and affects the great electrical centre of all vitality; and the brain, stimulated by unhealthy blood, can not perform its office healthfully. The person has dullness, headache, incapacity to keep his mind on a subject, can not remember, has a crowded and dizzy feeling, is sleepy, becomes nervous, gloomy, easily irritated, and often has a bilious or a neuralgic headache.

And the BLOOD itself becomes diseased: as it forms the sweat upon the surface of the skin it is so irritating and poisonous that the person has discolored brown spots, pimples, blotches, and other eruptions, sore boils, carbuncles, and scrofulous tumors.

Disease of the LIVER itself is the most common of all diseases. The sudden changes of the New England climate, the malarial influences of the West, and the heat also of the South, as well as the dietetic habits of the people of this country, and other causes, all tend to develop the Liver Disease, in some of its varied forms, throughout the United States. This is true both of man and beast, as every butcher knows that he finds the livers of cattle, sheep, and swine diseased ten times where he finds any other organ diseased once. Almost every person is *bilious* at some time, and many are constantly bilious. It may be mere congestion of the Liver, and torpidity of its function, or this may result in some structural or organic affection. But the Liver can never be diseased without affecting the stomach, bowels, and the other organs we have spoken of, and costiveness, piles, dropsy, dyspepsia, diarrhœa, and impoverished blood are among the necessary results.

CHRONIC DISEASES.

PROF. HAMILTON will also inform the afflicted that, having been written to by thousands of patients, his office has become the greatest centre for the treatment of novel, interesting, and peculiar cases of any place in the world. No hospital in Europe or America has one-tenth the number of singular and remarkable cases as are presented, either personally or by letter, at No. 546 Broadway. It is, indeed, an *Emporium of Clinical Medicine*. Among the thousands of cases arising from diseases of the Liver, Lungs, and Blood, which he treats, the following receive a prominent and most successful attention: Sick and Bilious Headache, Nervous and Neuralgic Headache, Chronic Diarrhœa and Dysentery, Costiveness and Piles, Pimples, Eruptions and Brown Skin, Dropsy and Diseases of the Kidneys, Consumption of the Blood, Scrofula in all its forms, Spinal Irritation, Salt-Rheum and Erysipelas, Cancers, Asthma, Epileptic Fits, Nervous Diseases of the Heart, Diseases of Females, and all Diseases arising from Impurities of the Blood, Rheumatism, Catarrh and Throat Diseases, &c., &c.

SYNOPSIS.

For greater convenience of those wishing to write me about their diseases, I insert the following, which embraces nearly all that I require to know in most cases: Have you constipation of the bowels? Have you attacks of diarrhœa? Have you pains in the back, sides, or shoulders? Have you a pain or tenderness about the stomach? Have you a dry, teasing cough? Have you sallow or yellow skin? Have you brown spots on your face or any part of the body? Have you a headache? Are you dull, heavy, or sleepy? Have you a bitter or a bad taste in the mouth? Have you an irritation or dryness in the throat? Have you cold chills or hot flashes? Have you palpitation of the heart? Is your appetite unsteady? Is your stomach sour? Do you raise or spit up your food? Have you any choking spells? Are you troubled with sickness and vomiting? Do you feel bloated about the stomach? Have you a tired or sore feeling on rising in the morning? Do you have colic pains? Have you wind in the stomach or bowels? Have you piles or fistula? Have you nervous and all-gone feelings? Have you cold feet and hands? Have you a rush of blood to the head? Have you uneasiness on lying on the sides? Have you fainting or epileptic fits? Have you great lowness of spirits? Have you gloomy forebodings?

PLEASE READ THE FOLLOWING, AND SEE WHO ARE CURED.

SUPPORTED BY HONORABLE MEN!

READ!! READ!!!

R. LEONIDAS HAMILTON, M.D.—*Dear Sir:* Duty prompts me to a most grateful acknowledgment of the astonishing success of your treatment in my case. For nearly three years I had suffered from Catarrh, Nervous Rheumatism, Liver Complaint, and Extreme Nervousness, insomuch that life had become an intolerable burden, and death was looked for as my only release. Physically and mentally broken down, I was utterly unable to do the duties of a minister, and was preparing to retire from the ranks when providentially my eye fell on your advertisement in the N. Y. *Methodist*. I had already travelled so far and expended so much in the vain effort to secure a cure, that it was with great reluctance and little hope that I addressed you. Your reply inspired me with hope—your remedies were received and taken, and the result was as marvelous to those who knew my condition as it was gratifying to myself. In THREE WEEKS I was again in the pulpit, preaching with unusual vigor; and if my services are any value to the Church, it is indebted to you, under God, for their continuance. You may refer to me at any time, and I shall be ever pleased to bear testimony to your extraordinary skill. Yours truly, REV. JOSEPH JONES, Saint Joseph, Mich.

CASES OF LIVER COMPLAINT.

It is with much satisfaction that I invite particular attention to the following voluntary statement of the eminent divine and missionary, the Rev. A. A. Constantine, recently located in the interior of Africa.

NO. 90 FULTON STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

DR. R. LEONIDAS HAMILTON, No. 546 Broadway—*My Dear Benefactor:* A sense of duty impels me to say that your medicines have done for me what no other physician has been able to do. I have been a sufferer for many years from diseases contracted while laboring as a missionary in Africa. Last fall I was declining fast, and had all the symptoms of quick consumption. I applied to you for help. You remarked: "Before I get through with you I will make you feel several years younger than you have ever felt since you left Africa." I thought but little of THAT, *as I had often received similar assurances* from eminent physicians both here and in Europe; but in less than two weeks all my symptoms were entirely changed, and my health and strength improved very fast. In a few weeks I found myself in the enjoyment of better health, and able to perform more labor, mental and physical, than at any previous time since I left Africa. May God bless you in all your researches in his great laboratory, and make you his agent in restoring thousands to health. A. A. CONSTANTINE.

WEEDSPORT, N. Y.

PROF. HAMILTON—*Dear Sir:* I have used three quarters of the package of medicine you sent me, and thanks to that wise Providence, whom all should bless, for the great good they have done me. I truly believe that my disease was of the liver and digestive organs, and had I not received timely aid from your treatment my difficulties would have terminated in liver consumption, and that I should have been incurable. I had been failing fast for the last five months previous to applying to you, although under medical treatment of three of the most skillful physicians in one of the cities of this State. Many persons are daily visiting me to see and hear of your miraculous skill, remarking that "Professor Hamilton must be possessed of more than a doctor's power to cure you." Some look at me with great amazement, after noticing the great change that has taken place in my condition and appearance in so short a time. I ride or walk every day, and can walk a mile. Truly yours, MRS. D. C. HOWE.

RHEUMATISM CURED!

William McNellis, Eagle Rock, Venango County, Penn., writes:

"I return my sincere thanks for having permanently cured me of rheumatism, after having suffered severely for about seven years! When I had doctored with other doctors, and tried all the patent medicines that I could get, with no avail, and was so bad that I could hardly get out of my house, and part of the time not able to get out of my bed, as I was affected in nearly every joint, I thought I would try you as a last resort. To my great joy, in less than three weeks I was able to go out and *jump* with the most active man in the place. In one month I was perfectly cured, and had gained 17 pounds; and I never had better health in my life than I have enjoyed for the last six months. May God bless you and your *miraculous remedies*."

CASES OF ASTHMA.

Mr. Joseph Little, of Thompson, Penn., writes:

"Last January I received a package of medicine from you. It is with much pleasure and thankfulness that I now state that my health is fully re-established. The asthma and bronchial difficulties are entirely removed, with the other numerous complaints before specified. I now feel as well as any one can expect to be at my age—sixty-seven years."

Mrs. Eliza Bryant, of Preston, Hamilton County, Ohio, writes:

"I have so far regained my health, under your treatment, as to be quite free from my terrible complaint—the *Asthma*. I can now lay my head down upon my pillow and sleep calmly and sweetly all night. I have no pains now through my shoulders, chest, or any part of the body."

REPORT FROM A CASE OF ASTHMA.

Mrs. Jesse Smith, of Candia Village, Rockingham County, N. H., writes:

"I received your medicine, and have used the most of it. My cough is better, I breathe freely, and can sleep well nights. I have every confidence in your skill, and hope soon to be permanently restored."

CANCER CURED!

Extracts from a letter of Mr. Edwin Sanford, of Rosedale, Madison County, Ohio:

"Do you remember the young man who came to your office last summer, from Ohio, to consult you about a disease in his nose? I went from Ohio to New York to see you, but there are many who go farther to see you. You treated me like a gentleman. I took three prescriptions of you, and that dreadful cancer got well, and I am hearty and well now. I feel that I can ever trust myself in your hands. I very often go and look at your picture, and think how I would like to see you and have a good talk with you. My mother is taking your remedies, and I think she will be cured. Do you remember Mr. Guy, the gentleman that you sent medicine to by me? You cured him entirely, and he now says that there is no one that he would have to treat him but you. Your sincere friend, EDWIN SANFORD."

LIVER AND LUNGS BADLY DISEASED.

WEBSTER CITY, IOWA.

DR. HAMILTON—*Dear Friend:* I feel that it is due to you, as well as to all those who are afflicted with disease, to express my gratitude to you for the great benefit which I have received from the use of your medicines. For many months I had had a pain in my shoulders and side, soreness across the chest, difficulty of breathing, hacking cough, sore throat, ringing and roaring in my ears. I was very nervous, and my slumbers were disturbed by frightful dreams, and it would seem almost incredible if I were to attempt to describe the objects which seemed to be before me when wide awake. Sleep was no rest to me. I had no ambition, and I had about come to the conclusion that unless I soon got relief my earthly career would soon be ended. I kept growing worse until I was confined to my bed all the time. My husband induced me to write to you, and your remedies came duly at hand, and in a very short time I began to recover, and am now comparatively well. I thank you, doctor, for your faithful attention, and I shall always recommend you to the afflicted. With much respect, MARY E. LYON.

THOSE AWFUL FITS CURED!

From P. C. Howard, of Hot Creek, Virginia:

"Your package was received, and the medicine taken as directed, and I am happy to be able to inform you that it has had the desired effect. My general health is much better than it has been for several years. I have had NO SPASM or fits since I commenced taking your medicine."

A VOICE FROM WAYNE COUNTY, PENN.

Mr. John Benney, of Honesdale, writes:

"It would be injustice to you as well as to myself not to acknowledge what your remedies have done for me. They have done for me more than I ever expected. I began to improve in a week, and when I had taken all the medicines I felt like a new man. All of my neighbors told me how much better I was looking. I have not felt so well for five years as I now do."

EPILEPTIC FITS CURED—OF TWO YEARS' STANDING.

PERSIPPANY, N. J.

PROF. HAMILTON—*Dear Sir:* Again I have seated myself to inform you of the success your medicine has done for me. I can say I am feeling as well as ever, and no one to praise but Dr. Hamilton for my recovery. I have taken the last of the medicine.
Yours truly, J. A. HOLLOWAY.

CASE OF AN AGGRAVATED STOMACH DIFFICULTY.

Mrs. Mary A. Whitford, of East Florence, N. Y., writes:

"PROF. HAMILTON—*My Dear Sir:* Your medicines were all promptly received, and taken according to directions. Louise is a well girl again. I never expected to see her so well as she is. She can do a good day's work, and can walk a mile to Sabbath-school and meeting. She sends her most sincere thanks, and says you have done a "great thing" for her. You have restored her sinking health in a very short time. We shall be grateful to you so long as we live."

EPILEPTIC FITS—BAD CASE IN MANISTEO, MICH.

OAK CREEK, *August* 31, 1868.

R. L. HAMILTON, M.D.—*Dear Sir:* I have a little boy, 3½ years old, that has fits. You were recommended to me by Mrs. O'Neil (at present Mrs. Shannon), of Manisteo, Mich., as having cured her daughter, who was very bad with them. I had been a resident of Manisteo for the last five years, but moved to Wisconsin lately. I have seen the young lady quite a number of times, and know she has had not one in three years.

I would have got one of your circulars from the lady, but she had given them away. Write your terms, that I may place my dear boy under your care. Yours respectfully,
Thomas O. Herrin,
Oak Creek, Milwaukee Co., Wis.

A VOICE FROM WESTERN NEW YORK.

Mr. John Fletcher, Sr., of Oswego, N. Y., writes:

"I am happy to inform you that the disagreeable symptoms I had when I wrote to you first have all left me, and I do not require any more medicine. I followed your advice strictly and carefully, and the result has been successful. So long as I live, so long as my memory retains its seat, so long will I retain and cherish feelings of the deepest gratitude to you; and, wherever I may be in this world, I will recommend every person I know in want of medical treatment to Professor Hamilton."

"NEARLY GONE WITH CONSUMPTION."

Mrs. Rachel Griffin, of Eldora, Iowa, writes:

"When I commenced taking your medicine I was like a person nearly gone with Consumption. Now I am enjoying good health. Many of my friends have told me they never expected to see me any better. Some said it seemed like a miracle to see me well of that cough and able to be about again. May God reward you for the good you do to the afflicted is the wish of your friend, Mrs. Rachel Griffin."

LIVER DISEASE CURED!

Read this testimony from Miss Crouch, of Schoharie County, N. Y.:

West Conesville.

Dr. Hamilton—*Respected Sir:* I embrace the present moment to write a few lines to you to inform you of the effect of some medicine received from you last spring. The medicines were prepared as soon as received, and I commenced their use. For the first two or three days I felt very little effect. I was in this condition seven or eight days, when I discovered a change for the better was slowly taking place; the dull, heavy headache was gone; my sleep was quiet and refreshing; food seemed to nourish instead of distressing me—indeed, the best way I can express the change is this: It was like taking down an old building, repairing the waste places, and building up anew. We have delayed writing, to see whether the cure was permanent or not. I have reason to believe it is lasting. I believe your remedies to be very efficacious in eradicating disease from the system, and can with confidence recommend them to the afflicted.

May you long be spared to bless the human family in the exercise of your great skill is the sincere wish of your very grateful friend, Martha Crouch.

LUNG and HEART DISEASE CURED!!
FIVE YEARS' USELESS TREATMENT!!!!

Mrs. Marinda Brimmer, of Boscobel, Wis., writes:

"I am much better—consider myself well. The headache was bad every week, but has left. My cough is cured. The pain and soreness in my chest and sides are gone. The night-sweats I had I do not now have. I feel very thankful for your medicines. May God bless you. The means you use are no humbug, and there is no humbug in what you say. I doctored five years with good physicians, as we all thought; you have done me more good than all the remedies I ever took. My heart does not stop as it did, and the buzzing in my head is cured. I hope God will bless you."

A CLERGYMAN RESPONDS.

Pointville, N. J.

Prof. R. L. Hamilton—*Dear Sir:* I have purposely delayed writing in order to give you the results of your remedies. The medicines came to hand in due time, and I commenced using them as instructed, and have persevered. For the first week I could not see much change; the second week there seemed to be a giving away of the disease; and at the end of the third week a decided change for the better was manifest. I am now able to walk about with ease and comfort. I send you my sincere and many thanks, and pray that God may bless and preserve your life for many years. I feel that, under the blessing of Divine Providence, you have done great things for me.
Yours truly, Rev. I. Hugg.

A CLERGYMAN'S WIFE.

Mrs. Rev. Geo. C. Haddock, of Ripon, Wis., writes:

"The remedies you sent me last spring worked like a charm throughout my entire system. I do not believe *I should have lived until the present time had I not used your medicine.* It is my sincere prayer that God may bless and spare you many long years to minister to the physical being of diseased humanity. All that I can do to extend your field of labor shall be done earnestly and willingly."

A CLERGYMAN'S TESTIMONY.

The Rev. J. Wesley Quinlan (Troy Conference), of West Sand Lake, N. Y., writes:

"I am in better health this fall than I have been before in five years; my stomach is getting quite strong; my appetite is *steady and powerful;* my habits are twice as full as they used to be; instead of being all *pinched up*, I am getting to be quite corpulent; I have never worked so hard or preached so much as this fall; I have labored two months in a protracted meeting; preached most every night; some sixty souls converted! to God be all the praise. I shall have to write out a statement of my case, one of these days, and the great benefit derived from your prescriptions; they have done more for me than all the remedies I ever took. In fact, they are the only medicines that have benefited me."

RECOMMENDS THE AFFLICTED TO APPLY.

David E. Erb, of Bridgeport, C.W., writes:

"It is with pleasure that I write to inform you that my wife received the medicine you sent her. She was not able to stand on her feet for over nine months, and was not expected to live; but since she used your medicine she has been gaining strength daily. I think a little more of your wonderful medicine will cure her. I shall recommend all the afflicted to apply to you."

APPLIES FOR TREATMENT.

George P. Quanty, of Queensville, C.W., writes:

"You will doubtless remember of treating my sister, Mrs. Steuben Noble. You performed such a *miraculous* cure in her case that I beg leave to give you a statement of my case."

A CLERGYMAN RESPONDS.

Rockaway, N. J.

R. L. Hamilton, M.D.—*Dear Sir:* It is with pleasure that I communicate the result of the use of your medicines. When I first visited your office in New York I could scarcely walk from the cars before your door into the office without exhaustion. With all your prestige as a successful physician, I had but little hope that you could cure me. There was nothing strange in this. Four years and four months had passed away, but during that period I had suffered constantly with chronic diarrhœa and piles. I had some of the best physicians, and used every thing I heard of that I could procure, but all in vain. Why should I think that you could do me more good than others? But, sir, justice and gratitude compel me to say that after the use of your medicines for a few months the result was a complete cure. I ceased the use of your medicines about the 1st of September, and had no return of diarrhœa until the 25th of January, 1864, and that attack I could trace to its cause—indeed, sir, I can not expect to be freed from liabilities to attacks of disease any more than other men. I wish I had the voice of seven thunders, and could assemble the sick in the world, I would direct them to you, Sir, as one fully competent to heal, and whose generous and noble nature would not allow of exorbitant charges.
Yours truly, Rev. George H. Jones.

ANOTHER APPEAL TO THE INCREDULOUS.

So well knowing the general custom of the American people to denounce all advertising Physicians as "Humbugs," without knowing any thing at all in regard to their merits, in addition to the numerous and wonderful testimonials from some of the thousands who have been cured by me, I publish below the names and addresses of a few reliable persons who know me well as a man of integrity and a reliable physician. Any one desiring can call and consult any of them, or address them by letter on the subject:

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